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The Battle of Germany

WITH six Allied armies across the Rhine, the Battle of Germany has begun. The manner of their crossing makes the beginning an auspicious one, and holds out much promise for the future.

Exactly one month before the 21st Army Group made the most significant of these crossings in the north, the Allies were apparently stuck against a firm German line running along the Maas, the Roer, the Ardennes, and the Saar Basin to the Rhine south of Lauterbourg. The accomplishments of Allied arms in the four weeks' offensive were tremendous. All Germany west of the Rhine except for an insignificant bridgehead south of Speyer in the Palatinate was cleared of enemy troops; four German armies were destroyed; Allied armies lined up solidly on the great river's west bank all the way from Cleve to Karlsruhe and at Remagen thrust across it. The last week of this preliminary offensive saw the boldest handling of troops, the most sweeping advances, and the most damaging defeat to the enemy when the American Third and Seventh armies executed a classic hammer-and-anvil movement in the Saar-Palatinate region, taking a bag of prisoners that may run over the 100,000 mark.

By last Friday the Rhine line had ceased to exist, and the enemy was clearly demonstrating his weaknesses. The rapid shuttling of precious divisions from the Ruhr front to the Remagen bridgehead had weakened the former without containing the latter: the First Army continued to make gains north, east, and south against a surprising lack of resistance. To the south, the Third Army seized upon the enemy's evident and unanticipated deterioration to make a virtually unopposed crossing between Mainz and Worms. Hodges's line of advance north from the Remagen bridgehead threatened an envelopment of the Ruhr; Patton's advance northeast threatened a sweep over the Main and up the Frankfurt superhighway toward Kassel and the upper Weser—indeed, by Sunday night the Main was crossed. Even before the long-planned and carefully prepared main blow across the Rhine could be struck, the Germans could no longer depend upon their traditional western barrier.

The main blow was delivered in decisive force, with traditional Montgomery thoroughness and with a traditional Montgomery order of the day: "And having crossed the Rhine, we will crack about in the plains of northern Germany, chasing the enemy from pillar to post"—a fair description of what will happen soon. It was the greatest combined operation since D-Day in Normandy; and like that operation it involved American, British, and Canadian soldiers, sailors, and airmen. On paper the Germans could muster as many troops against the Allied thrust as they did

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in Normandy; they had the material advantage of fighting closer to their bases of supply and the moral advantage of defending their native soil. But the failure to offer serious opposition up to Sunday night suggests a profound disintegrating process eating at the whole capacity of resistance of the Germans in the west.

Undoubtedly the enemy was so light on the ground along the Rhine that Kesselring pulled back the mobile elements of his one remaining first-class army, the First Paratroop, to wait for Montgomery to show his intentions and then deliver a counter-attack. That counter-attack should come early while Montgomery still has one foot on land and one in the water; but it is difficult to see how it can have serious consequences. The main German force, presumably held back in the devastated fortresses of the Ruhr, is confronted by the tough veterans of the American Ninth Army; it can expect to find road crossings blocked by the Airborne Army, and every junction blasted by Allied aircraft, which shot up 6,000 German vehicles on Sunday alone. Any German force seeking to drive south out of Holland should be met by the Canadians. With his flanks thus secured, Montgomery may be able to swing the British Second Army around in a wide envelopment of the Ruhr; and with a quick building up of the base of operations east of the Rhine apparently assured, this movement should be possible far sooner than the similar break-out in Normandy.

The Shape of Things

THE WHOLE ROW ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT CURFEW and Mayor LaGuardia has left us feeling rather terse and dogmatic. (1) We think the Byrnes order was foolish and unnecessary and will probably do more harm than good; (2) we think people who complain about it—except war workers on night shifts—are making a disgusting spectacle of themselves; (3) we think the Mayor should have accepted the order and done his best to enforce it in spite of his objections to it; and (4) we don't think he ought to be impeached for doing the contrary.

*

GENERAL DE GAULLE IS REPORTED TO HAVE been irritated because there was no immediate response to his appeal for aid for the French forces that have risen against the new Japanese regime in Indo-China. Some assistance has now been promised by the American government. Chinese guerrillas and American planes based in China are reported to be already supporting the French in their efforts to prevent complete Japanese seizure of the colony. But the amount of assistance given must depend on the over-all strategy of the war against Japan. While we have no inside information about this strategy, the return to the Philippines, the conquest of Iwo Jima, and the air raids on Japanese cities indicate that our military plans call for an accelerated drive against the Japanese mainland by way of the China coast rather than a clean-up of outlying Japanese possessions. Reconquest of Indo-China would open up an alternate route to China, but obviously a much smaller amount of material could be moved into China in this way than by the seizure of a Chinese port. If despite these considerations American plans call for an invasion of Indo-China, De Gaulle is wholly within his rights in insisting that the French be permitted to participate in the operation. He must recognize, however, that we cannot allow sympathy for brave Frenchmen in Indo-China to influence basic military strategy.

*

PROSPECTS FOR A COMPROMISE MAN-POWER bill which will enable the country to surmount the difficulties that are bound to arise after V-E Day brightened considerably last week as a result of suggestions made by Senator Austin. His proposals are based primarily on the Senate's voluntary measure, but go beyond it in permitting the drafting of men of military age for war jobs in industry or agriculture and in "freezing" workers in essential war jobs as long as their services are needed. Penalties would be imposed on employers and employees alike for violation of the man-power regulations. The need for enforcement powers to supplement the present restricted authority of the War Manpower Commission has been illustrated by the failure of the commission's attempt to shift workers from non-essential to essential war jobs. Of more than 4,000 workers requisitioned from non-essential industries in New Jersey, only 500 were actually transferred to essential occupations; 200 workers refused to accept essential jobs because they involved a cut in pay, even though their refusal made it illegal for any employer to hire them during the war. Senator Austin proposed that workers should be required to accept the jobs to which they were referred but that employers should be penalized for labor hoarding. Although strong support for the Austin compromise is reported, several of the Republican conferees seem determined to delay action until after a European victory in the hope that they can then prevent any measure from being adopted.

*

BAD TIMES ARE BACK FOR AMERICAN INDIANS IF the Supreme Court's opinion that the Box Elder Treaty does not provide a legal basis for Shoshone land claims is an omen. The court's weird opinion, written by Justice Reed and affirmed by a five-to-four vote, reflected the views of three members—his own, and those of Justices Jackson and Black. The court had been called upon to determine whether the Box Elder Treaty, concluded in 1863, recognized Indian title to 15,000,000 acres of Western land, for whose loss the Indians are seeking to recover damages amounting to $15,000,000. In a confused concurring opinion Justices Jackson and Black gave the Indian his due—but no right to seek compensation for his lost land. They inferred that Indians could not have owned property since they had no such concept and no word to denote it. "Ownership meant no more to them," stated the justices, "than to roam the land as a great common and to possess and enjoy it in the same way that they possessed and enjoyed sunlight. . . . Acquisitiveness, which develops a law of real property, is an accomplishment only of the 'civilized'!" All very true, but still no reason for concluding, as they did, that the treaty provided no basis for Shoshone land claims. As Justice Douglas pointed out in a

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dissenting opinion, concurred in by Justices Frankfurter and Murphy, the United States could have extinguished Indian title by force. It chose to negotiate a treaty and through it obtained rights of way and of settlement. In obtaining these cessions the United States clearly acknowledged Indian claims to the land. Senate amendments ratifying the treaty further supported these claims. Admittedly the Indians weren't advanced enough to place "keep off" signs on their ancient tribal lands, but the enlightened trespassers who took over the continent knew who "owned" Manhattan when they bought it for $24. Treaties concluded with individual Indian tribes have formed the basis of the federal relationship with Indians and are the framework for their future protection. The Supreme Court should immediately grant a rehearing of the Shoshone case.

*

ONTARIO IS WORTH WATCHING THESE DAYS. ITS government was defeated last week when the Liberal Party, led by Mitchell Hepburn, swung in behind the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation lack-of-confidence amendment. Premier George Drew, leader of the Progressive-Conservative Party, will waste few tears over his defeat. A bitter foe of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, he has wanted a wartime election to take advantage of the anti-King feeling over conscription. And he wants an election while Ontario is prosperous under the impetus of the war-industry boom and before reconversion, lowered farm prices, and unemployment raise ugly problems for which the Conservatives have no easy answer. The government party draws its strength from the farm areas and the upper and middle classes of the cities. The C. C. F., official opposition party, is strong in the mining north, the industrial towns, and the working-class metropolitan districts. In the present house, it holds almost as many seats as the Progressive-Conservatives; after the election it may well become the government. Its leader, Ted Jolliffe, a young Toronto lawyer, is brainy, competent, and a good parliamentarian. He represents a new type of Canadian politician which the left-wing movement has raised to prominence. Mitch Hepburn, political poltergeist, onion farmer, opponent of the C. I. O., came out of retirement to resume leadership of the Ontario Liberals. He has patched up his quarrel with Ottawa, he has color and drive, and he expects to make gains at the expense of the Tories. But the chief spectator at the Ontario election fight will be Prime Minister Mackenzie King. He must go before the Canadian people this summer and Ontario will be regarded as a preview of the big show.

*

NEARLY 1,200 AMERICA FIRSTERS GATHERED AT the Plasterers' Benevolent and Protective Association (A. F. of L.) Hall in Chicago on March 15 to listen to Gerald L. K. Smith, who has been trying for some months to hold a meeting in the city. A heavy picket line surrounded the hall; some rocks were thrown, but an adequate police detail prevented disorder. Engaging in his usual antics, Smith announced the formation of a Nationalist News Service to compete with the AP and UP, said that "twenty-one national groups" were participating in an organized nationalist lobby in Washington, and stressed the future importance of the Nationalist Veterans of World War II—a group that he has recently organized. Waving "the new flag" which he charged had been designed by "the internationalists"—a combination of the Rising Sun, the Union Jack, and the Stars and Stripes—he loudly denounced communism, President Roosevelt, Walter Winchell, Dumbarton Oaks, and the Yalta conference. Sprinkled through his tirade were the familiar anti-Semitic remarks: denunciation of the B'nai B'rith; castigation of Morgenthau; and references to a list of names he could not read, so he said, for fear of being called an anti-Semite! With various polls indicating a fairly high incidence of latent anti-Semitism in the Middle West, the potential threat which Smith represents should not be minimized. Currently he is biding his time, content merely to keep the old fires and calumnies alive. The crowd in Chicago was largely made up of elderly people trailing, as Robert Lasch of the Chicago *Sun* said, "the fragrance of Townsendism." Should a mood of frustration and disenchantment sweep the ranks of younger Americans after the war, he would have the opportunity that he so obviously, and confidently, expects—one more powerful argument for a post-war program of full employment.

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THE STRIKE NOW GOING ON IN THE MOTION picture industry, which finds 19,000 studio workers supporting the demand of seventy-eight set designers for recognition of their local union (a part of the Painters' Union), does not present a "jurisdictional dispute" in the usual sense of the term. What the set designers are seeking to accomplish is the preservation of their autonomy against encroachment by the powerful racket-ridden International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. Over the years, the I. A. T. S. E. has attempted several bold forays upon other unions affiliated, as is the I. A. T. S. E. itself, with the American Federation of Labor. These forays have been based not upon any claim of membership or any real claim of jurisdiction over the type of work performed, but rather upon its ability to coerce the industry through its control of the projectionists in the motion picture theaters. In the past the industry has been a willing victim of this "coercion," so called, since it has used the I. A. T. S. E. as a means of battling other unions in the industry and, also, for the purpose of keeping the members of the I. A. T. S. E. under the control of its agents. During the period when it was directly controlled by Messrs. Bioff and Browne, the I. A. T. S. E. levied a 2 per cent assessment upon its members, from which it collected a fund in excess of one million dollars which was turned over to George Browne to expend as he saw fit. While busy raking in money from this source, Bioff and Browne were collecting a king's ransom from the motion picture producers. Faced with the possibility of being forced into such an organization as the I. A. T. S. E., the set designers have properly decided to strike for the protection of their rights. And they will win. The entire trade-union membership in Hollywood (with the exception of the I. A. T. S. E. locals) is solidly behind them and they have, in Herbert Sorrell, a spokesman of great force and ability.

*

IN THE HALF-PAST-ELEVENTH HOUR RESERVED for the more cautious quislings, General Franco summoned his Cabinet and asked for a declaration of war on Japan.

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On the desk of every minister was a list of Spanish civilians bayoneted by the Japanese fleeing from Manila. They numbered around a hundred and thirty—an infinitesimal fraction of the number of Spanish civilians killed by the German and Italian fascist aviation and artillery during the Spanish war, not to mention those massacred by Franco troops. But those civilians were "reds" and moreover there is no code of patriotism requiring that one declare war against oneself. Times have changed and even for a regime that is responsible for the death of a million Spaniards, 130 casualties offer sufficient grounds for swapping sides—though not too brusquely, not by declaring war on both ends of the Axis at the same time. That would be asking too much. A declaration of war on Japan alone, even if it does not win Franco the desired place at the United Nations conference, should facilitate the work of his agents who, according to our information, are already busy in San Francisco. Later there will always be time for declaring war on Germany, at precisely the right moment, perhaps on the day following the fall of Berchtesgaden.

*

BUT FOR A DAY AT LEAST THE PRETENDER TO the non-existent Spanish throne seemed to have out-maneuvered Franco—at least in the headlines. The aim of Don Juan's manifesto, published last Thursday at Lausanne, was also a seat at San Francisco. To this end he rang all the possible changes on the theme of liberty and constitutional rights and proclaimed that "the regime established by General Franco, modeled on the totalitarian system of the Axis powers, is fundamentally inconsistent with conditions prevailing in the world as a result of the present conflict." With this judgment no democratic Spaniard will quarrel, but when Juan offers himself as the alternative few will go along with him. To the total bankruptcy of the monarchical institution in Spain must be added his own miserable personal record: during the Spanish war he offered his services to Franco as a navy officer; later, when the general struggle began, his sympathies were consistently with the Axis, until the tide turned in 1943. Apparently his manifesto had little effect even among Spanish reactionaries; its repercussions in Madrid, according to the United Press, were practically nil. To the promises of such a man the old Chinese adage seems applicable: "If there be no faith in words, of what use are they?"

*

OF COURSE, THE ORGANIZATION OF PEACE MUST include Spain, and there is only one Spain that can be included—Republican Spain. For that reason we have been watching with satisfaction the progress recently made toward unity among the Republican forces. On March 26, for example, the New York *Times* published a dispatch from London reporting that Dr. Negrín had "grown enormously in prestige in the past six months" and describing him as the leading factor in the process of unification. Equally encouraging were the results of a meeting in New York of several members of the last Basque autonomous government, whose President was José Antonio de Aguirre, the well-known Catholic leader. The decisions reached open the way to the organization of a united Republican government in exile in which Basques and Catalans will be adequately represented. But the most significant bit of news is that reported through private channels from Mexico. During the Chapultepec conference Indalecio Prieto, until now Dr. Negrín's most stubborn Republican opponent, discussed the Spanish situation at a luncheon in one of the Latin American embassies. He criticized sharply the lack of a constructive policy toward Spain on the part of the Western democracies. The British government, he said, had been determined to force the reestablishment of the monarchy but lately had begun to realize that nothing could be accomplished in that direction. More recently it had taken up Maura, only to drop him within a month. The one clear policy was that of Russia, "which had always been consistently on the side of the Spanish Republic." He spoke in unexpectedly high terms of Negrín and even declared his readiness to meet the Prime Minister, although "with witnesses" present. Should Negrín insist upon including Communists, Señor Prieto said he would not enter the government, but he would "not be an obstacle to its formation." That, coming from Señor Prieto, is a long step forward.

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WE HOPE OUR READERS IN THE CAPITAL WILL join with the Southern Conference for Human Welfare in honoring Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black at the dinner to be tendered him in Washington on April 3. The occasion will be the presentation to this great Southern progressive and judge of the annual Thomas Jefferson award. No one in the South more fully deserves it. It is a pleasure to note that the well-known Negro lawyer Charles Houston will be one of the speakers and that Senator Barkley will be toastmaster. Senator Pepper, Judge Sherman Minton, Fred Vinson, and Frank Graham will speak, and Mrs. Roosevelt will be present. This is the second time the Jefferson award has gone to Black. It was presented to him seven years ago for his services as Senator. It goes to him this time for his work on the court.

Bretton Woods Is Vital

THE Bretton Woods agreements have come under such heavy fire from both British and American quarters that the average Congressman can hardly be blamed for becoming confused on the basic issues. Many of the criticisms are so technical that only a few experts understand their implications. Yet a little study will reveal that even the most technical objections spring in no small part from unreconstructed nationalist views. In a previous issue *The Nation* pointed out that British criticism was largely based on the assumption that Uncle Sam is taking John Bull for a ride, and that the effect of the International Monetary Fund is to put British economy in a gold strait-jacket at the mercy of uncontrolled business fluctuations in the United States. In the hearings before the House Banking and Currency Committee, the opposite view has been expressed by numerous witnesses. This was particularly evident in the testimony of Leon Fraser, president of the First National Bank of New York, who constantly stressed the benefits which Britain would enjoy under the fund to the disadvantage of the United States. The opposition of the big commercial banks to the fund does not

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spring entirely, however, from fear that we are being hoodwinked by John Bull. Other important banking groups, particularly the investment bankers, have come out strongly for the Bretton Woods program as a whole. The difference is not one of relative patriotism but of conflicting interests. The investment bankers stand to gain by the governmental guaranties and international supervision of long-term international loans. The big commercial banks, on the other hand, are loath to part with the profits on foreign exchange which have traditionally been theirs.

That is not to say that the criticisms of the Bretton Woods program are wholly unfounded or that they are entirely based on selfish considerations. The fund represents a compromise between the clearing union proposed by Keynes and the stabilization fund proposed by the American Treasury. It is not a very satisfactory compromise. Its weaknesses are largely of a technical nature, but they would become important if the United States should decide to fly in the face of economic law by simultaneously encouraging exports, restricting imports, and seeking to collect from its debtors. This policy would inevitably drain dollars from any international clearing arrangement, and the efforts which were made at Bretton Woods to safeguard the new fund only appear to have made it cumbersome and difficult of operation.

Although it may be far from perfect, no one denies that the fund will facilitate international trade and reduce the danger of an international economic collapse such as occurred in the early 1930's. It does not solve the problems created by America's anachronistic commercial policies, but it may reduce their gravity. Even its critics do not seriously propose that the entire program be scrapped. They merely want it made over to accord with their special views or interests. The severest critics of the fund profess to see great value in the International Bank and urge its acceptance. Yet under the Bretton Woods Agreement the bank is open only to fund members. If the fund is rejected, there can be no bank.

From a political standpoint, moreover, Bretton Woods has a significance that goes far beyond the immediate economic advantages of the fund and the bank. The bill now before Congress for the implementation of the Bretton Woods program is a test. What happens to it will determine whether the United States wants to have a stable international economy after the war or plans to revert to unrestrained economic warfare. There is no middle ground. The alternative to Bretton Woods is no agreement at all. The agreement represents a compromise reached after weeks of negotiations. No major amendments suggested at this late date are likely to prove acceptable to the forty-four other nations represented at the conference. Since the program is the outcome of negotiation, the attitude of Congress toward it is being watched throughout the world as indication of American sincerity with respect to post-war collaboration of all kinds. If the plan is rejected, Britain will probably feel it necessary to embark on a policy of bilateralism which, in turn, will provoke intensified nationalistic reactions in this country. While Russia's interest in monetary stabilization is nominal, rejection of the Bretton Woods scheme might be interpreted in Moscow as a threat to the Yalta agreement. For no real distinction can be made between economic and political cooperation. Political security can be built only on a foundation of harmonious international economic arrangements. The whole edifice of post-war security thus rests on the cornerstone laid at Bretton Woods.

The Lesson of the Defeat

THERE is one clear and urgent conclusion to be drawn from the Senate's refusal to confirm Aubrey Williams as head of the Rural Electrification Administration (REA). It is the need for preparation *now* by progressive farm, labor, and middle-class organizations for the 1946 Congressional elections. Williams was right when he said that "the crime" of which he was convicted in the Senate was that he really believes "the wage-earners, the farmers, and the little people should be an articulate part of our economic life." They never will be an articulate part of our economic or political life so long as we are content to elect a progressive President every four years—and then leave his program and his nominations to the mercy of a reactionary majority in Congress. We are glad that Williams is going back to his old job as director of organization for the Farmers' Union and that its militant president, Jim Patton, has declared his intention to take the issues in the Williams fight to the people in the states represented by those Senators who voted against him.

The charges against him were significantly vague. The best indication of the excellent job done by Williams in his years as deputy administrator of the WPA and head of the National Youth Administration is that his enemies could find so little in his record to use against him. The actual issue is that Williams is an uncompromising New Dealer. There is little doubt from the record of the hearings before the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee that Williams might have been confirmed despite his New Deal record if he had been willing to "play ball" with certain copper interests. His unwillingness to do so was followed by a covert and then an open smear campaign. He was termed a Communist and a "nigger lover." A Presbyterian minister in Birmingham, Dr. Joseph M. Broady, was brought forward to play the central role in a shamefully un-American campaign against him. Williams's rejection for public office was asked on the ground that, although trained for the Presbyterian ministry, he decided not to follow that calling because he could not believe in the divinity of Christ. Neither did our Unitarian President, William Howard Taft. Neither did some of the Founding Fathers, several of whom had the skeptical and agnostic attitude toward religion typical of the eighteenth century. It is pertinent to recall that the Constitution not only forbids the setting up of an established church in America but bars any religious test for public office. It is also pertinent to recall that no less a figure than George Washington declared as President that this was not a Christian country but one made up of men of all creeds and none.

We applaud majority leader Barkley for his able speech in defense of Williams and the four Republicans—Aiken, Langer, Morse, and Young—who voted for confirmation. We call attention to the fact that the hearings and debates again disclosed a familiar situation: the Grange, the Farm

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Bureau Federation, and the National Milk Cooperatives spoke in the name of "agriculture"—against Williams, of course—without consulting their own members. They did so on the orders and anti-New Deal prejudices of Fred Brenckman and Ed O'Neil, their powerful Washington lobbyists. We hope that in the coming campaign the Farmers' Union will continue to bring home to farmers how often their leaders are stooges for reactionary industrial interests rather than authorized spokesmen for agriculture. And we hope that the P. A. C., quiescent since November, will take the Williams defeat as a warning and prepare to fight in the next Congressional primaries and elections.

Bridges and Some Broader Issues

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 23

THE case of Harry Bridges will reach the United States Supreme Court for argument on April 2. The decision will be of worldwide significance. Should the court rule against Bridges, it will provide a sardonic background for the forthcoming international security conference at San Francisco. The deportation of an outstanding labor leader at this time would not increase confidence abroad in our country's dependability as an influence for freedom. A favorable decision would create new hope for the future. It would mark the final defeat of reactionary American forces in one of the longest and hardest-fought episodes in the history of class struggle in the United States.

The facts are well known. In San Francisco, the very city in which we hope to lay the foundations for a freer world, an Australian dock worker rose from the ranks to leadership of his fellows little more than a decade ago. An organization drive on the San Francisco waterfront culminated in a great strike which not only improved the conditions of the longshoremen but reverberated throughout the ranks of labor in industrially feudalistic California. Migratory workers in the lettuce fields and girls behind the counters of department stores were inspired to a new militancy. The 1934 strike also brought Bridges the enmity of powerful capitalist interests accustomed to docility and venality in California's labor leaders. Private and governmental agencies set out to "get" Bridges by methods we like to think of as peculiarly European. "The San Francisco police department," one federal official told a Congressional committee some years back, "has followed him [Bridges] unremittingly for years, and our men have also."

The voluminous record of the Bridges case will bring before the Supreme Court an unsavory procession of spies and stool pigeons, hard-shell reactionaries and weak-kneed liberals. All the contradictions of our society are in those pages —the fighting potentialities of the American working class, the gains they have achieved against terrific odds, the power which reaction still wields here, the compromising and vacillating nature of the New Deal. The San Francisco strike was only one of many ultimately stimulated in that period by the encouragement which the Roosevelt program gave to labor. Yet these same California interests were so influential, the anti-New Deal undertow so strong, that departments of government subject to the President spent years hunting for means to punish a labor leader who had merely put into practice the collective bargaining Mr. Roosevelt advocated.

The deportation law in this case traces back to statutes enacted during the anarchist scare in the last century. It was tightened up, with the Bridges case in mind, in 1940. It provides for the deportation of any alien who has been a member of, or affiliated with, any organization which advocates overthrow of the government by force and violence. The Department of Justice, relying principally on the "Communist Manifesto," Lenin's "State and Revolution," and the 1920 theses of the Third International, says the Communists are such a group. The department would be hard pressed to prove it by anything the Communists have ever said during the past ten years or more. The court may have to decide, in the light of the party's actual policies, how much of a "clear and present danger" is created by things Marx said in 1848 and Lenin in 1917.

The court may choose to let sleeping ideologists lie. The court may consider it unnecessary to answer that question if it finds unsatisfactory the evidence that Bridges has been a member of, or affiliated with, the party. After all these years of well-financed private and government snooping, with a dash here and there of subornation of perjury, there are only two witnesses to membership. One of them is an odd specimen for the law books. This witness, O'Neil, swore on the stand that he never said Bridges was a member of the Communist Party. Two Department of Justice employees swore that in an unsworn statement O'Neil told them otherwise! Lawyers will appreciate what an extraordinary bit of "evidence" this is. The other witness, Bridges's rival labor leader, Lundeberg, told federal agents on three different occasions—in 1939, in 1940, and again in 1941—that he had no information to indicate that Bridges had ever been a Communist. But in the hearings before Inspector Charles B. Sears later in 1941 something new was elicited from Lundeberg. On the witness stand Lundeberg was thrice taken over the story of a meeting he said he had in 1935 with Bridges and the Communist Sam Darcy. Judge Sears in this examination warned government counsel against leading questions. In the third account given on the stand that day Lundeberg testified that when Darcy asked him to join the Communist Party, Bridges laughed and said, "You don't have to be afraid because I am one, too."

Neither the minority nor the majority opinions handed down in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals on the Bridges case found this evidence impressive. Judge Healy, in the minority dissenting opinion, referred to "the paucity of the evidentiary product as contrasted with the magnitude

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of the effort expended in producing it." But for reasons to which I shall turn in a moment the scope of appeal and review in deportation cases has been very limited. The Circuit Court majority, in upholding the deportation order, said it did not feel "the pleasurable satisfaction that, barring a very slight possibility of error, the truth has been revealed." But the majority did not feel that in a deportation case it had the right to weigh evidence. It affirmed that "the simple question this court must answer is: Is there *some* evidence to sustain the charges? There is." (My italics.)

This brings us to one of the key questions the Supreme Court may have to answer. Until now the courts have generally held that deportation is a mere civil procedure. The due-process clause, which proliferated a whole series of subtle defenses for corporate property rights in the last half of the last century, was reduced in the same period to a mere shadow in deportation cases. No less an authority than Madison, in the Constitutional Convention, declared the banishment of an alien "among the severest of punishments." But our courts held that to separate an alien resident from his home, family, business, and associations and deport him was a civil procedure not subject to the safeguards and the full review provided in property and criminal cases. Counsel for Bridges cite a decision by Chief Justice Stone which deviated from this pattern and are asking in effect for a reversal of the older doctrine. Should they win this point, it would greatly increase the protection of alien residents here against abuse of the Deportation Act by government officials.

This, like several other aspects of the Bridges case, is of importance to citizens as well as alien residents. Labor unions can be weakened and strikes broken by deportation raids, as after the last war. These affect the rights and bargaining power of all members of the union. In this connection it is important to note that Attorney General Biddle is seeking in effect to reverse an Immigration Bureau order of 1934. This order dealt with members of unions affiliated with the old Communist-controlled Trade Union Unity League. The order declared that mere membership in a Communist-controlled union was not to be used as grounds for deportation, that union membership of this kind was not to be held proof of "affiliation" with an organization which advocated overthrow of the government by force and violence. Biddle, who appears as a very poor disciple of Holmes in this case, relies upon some aid given Bridges by the Communist Marine Workers' Industrial Union during the 1934 strike as evidence of "affiliation" within the meaning of the Deportation Act.

There are two other ways in which the doctrines argued by Biddle in this case are a danger to civil liberties in America. The Attorney General contends that an alien may be deported "for utterances, beliefs, or associations in which he would be protected from punishment by the First Amendment." Admittedly this amendment and the rest of the Bill of Rights apply to aliens as well as citizens. Biddle does not deny that. What he does argue is that an alien may be deported under certain circumstances for exercising freedom of speech, assembly, or association. This is a departure from historic American doctrine and an injustice to 3,500,000 alien residents who are subject to the same liabilities and duties as citizens. They are, for example, subject to the draft.

The argument made in defending and interpreting the deportation laws is also a departure from tradition in another respect. It is proposed that a man be punished by deportation, not for what that man did, or said, or himself believed, but for his alleged association with Communists. This notion of "guilt by association" or "group guilt" is, as Professor Chafee of Harvard has noted, a break with time-honored legal concepts, which hold that guilt must be personal, that no man may be punished for the deeds of others except in an actual criminal conspiracy. "It is the essence of the institution of liberty," Charles Evans Hughes said in 1920, when he opposed the expulsion of the Socialists from the New York Assembly, "that it be recognized that guilt is personal." The establishment of the idea of guilt by imputation, guilt by association, would place a powerful weapon in the hands of post-war reaction.

It is these vital, if obscure, legal and constitutional issues which may make the coming Bridges decision crucial for the future of civil liberties and trade unionism in America.

Veterans at San Francisco

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

IT IS wise to run for cover when a speaker, freshly returned from a flying two weeks' visit to several war fronts, clears his throat and says, "Now what our boys are fighting for is. . . ." It usually turns out that the fellow finds all the soldiers pining for the same things the fellow himself was pining for prior to his tour of inspection: service men and new veterans are likely to prove nationalist or internationalist, free-enterprisers or planned-economy boys, depending on their "interpreter." The fact is, of course, that in a military force of some 12,000,000 men individual war aims are about as diverse as they would be in any comparable cross-section of the population. This is perhaps especially true in the United States armed forces, fighting men of a nation which has never defined its war aims clearly.

One war aim, however, is, I venture to say, basic to 99 per cent of American service men. This is the desire for peace—I leave out the 1 per cent which enjoys the war. It is not only the desire for personal peace, for an end to death, wounds, destruction, boredom, khaki clothes, spit and polish, the top sergeant; it is also a very real desire, generally inarticulate, that the personal sacrifice of blood, time, and talent will mean something. It is a desire that the terrible, corroding waste of the war will add up to something positive, some guaranty of peace for one's children.

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Now I will not go on from there and say that the 99 per cent are unanimously agreed that international cooperation is the only road to this peace. There are soldiers fighting today in Germany who think that if Roosevelt had never meddled in the European mess they might be resting back home. There are soldiers and marines in the Pacific who are fighting William Randolph Hearst's war, a war against the yellow peril. There are fighting men in all theaters who are sure we shall have to fight Russia after we have taken care of Germany and Japan. There are sailors who despise the British navy and scoff at the limeys; soldiers who are contemptuous of the French; soldiers who want to hurry home as soon as this particular mess is over and let the dirty, starving, naked Wops and Wogs and Frogs continue to be dirty, starving, and naked.

Having said that much I want to present quite frankly the views of one veteran and report on the stand that is being taken by the veterans' association with which I have been closely associated. In its Statement of Intentions the American Veterans' Committee called for:

> Active participation of the United States in the United Nations organization to stop any threat of aggression and promote social and economic measures which will remove the causes of war.
>
> Establishment of an international veterans' council for the furtherance of world peace and justice among the people of all nations.

That brings us to San Francisco. There has been a growing feeling throughout the country that the new veterans should be heard at the Golden Gate conference: after all without their efforts the conference could never have been held. The proposal came directly to the American Veterans' Committee in a letter from one of its founders who is a sergeant of the Army Air Forces in the Philippines. He demanded that the organization send representatives to San Francisco to tell the delegates what kind of world organization the fighting men want to see come out of the war and listed the advantages to be gained:

> Your presence and the ideas you advocate will show some of the delegates who fear that the United States will not take up its responsibilities after the war that there is a large part of that most important body of men —the veterans—who not only want us to take up that responsibility, but who will fight vigorously for the idea of taking it up and extending it.
>
> It will strengthen the hands of our own delegates if they wish to propose the more forward-looking schemes for the organization, or it will perhaps encourage them to propose the more forward-looking schemes if they seem reluctant to do so.
>
> It will impress upon our foreign-affairs men and upon our Congressmen that veterans are going to take an interest in how they vote on such matters as well as on matters of aid to themselves.

Another Air Forces man, a corporal in New Guinea, wrote at the same time saying that "A. V. C.'s men should be there as reporters to veterans and fighting men who cannot be there but who have pledged themselves to work throughout their lives for continuing peace. . . . Right now you are our eyes and ears. Go with backing from all our men."

To get this backing, A. V. C.'s Planning Committee sent out an airmail edition of the organization's *Bulletin* last week containing eight questions for the members to vote on. Here are the questions:

1. Do you want A. V. C. to represent you at San Francisco?
2. Do you favor immediate formation of the United Nations security organization, with the United States joining before peace treaties are written?
3. Do you oppose reservations which would weaken the organization?
4. Do you support the use of United States armed forces to stop aggression without specific Congressional approval in each case?
5. If the United Nations Security Council asked for United States armed forces to take positive action to preserve the peace, would you be willing to serve?
6. Do you support the voting plan agreed upon at Yalta?
7. Do you want the United States delegation to pledge its unanimous support of the United States government policy?
8. Do you want as much power as possible placed in the hands of the Economic and Social Council for the purpose of removing the causes of war?

Questions 2, 3, and 4 were asked of the Presidential candidates in October by Senator Ball, with famous results; the same three, plus question 5, were asked of A. V. C. members in November, with results not yet famous but certainly of deep significance. The answers were very nearly unanimous—"yes to all four." Asking a man still in a foxhole if he would be willing to serve in some future battle is, as one member pointed out, "plenty rugged—the $64 question for fair. But if I say yes to the other three questions, I have to say it to this one." The current *Bulletin* explains the Yalta plan for voting in detail before posing question 6, and points out Senator Vandenberg's strange insistence on "the right of free action" as prelude to question 7. It adds, "The hope of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals is that they will give the world a period of enforced peace—a time in which we can all *work for the removal of the underlying economic and social causes of war*," and then asks question 8.

As the *Bulletin* points out, "This is a movement not just for A. V. C. members but for 12,000,000 service men—and the more votes we get the more we'll be listened to in San Francisco." Members are urged to "show this *Bulletin* around, get as many men in your outfit as you can to send us their votes, or write a letter with your vote and get others to join you in signing it." Already, a week after the *Bulletin* was mailed, the response from discharged men and from soldiers in the states has been great—and encouraging: "Yes on all," signed by five sailors in Washington; "The Chicago *Tribune* has been crying that the 'boys' should be represented at San Francisco. I agree. I hope the Colonel will be pleased with A. V. C."; "Send the delegates—let us be heard—O.K. on all eight—For a smashing Victory—lotsa peace!"

"Lotsa peace!" is the word." Enough evidence will undercut the isolationists' slogan: "Wait till the boys come home." The plans are laid; a delegation is going; the votes will be presented to the United States representatives; the proceedings will be reported back to veterans and service men.

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John L. Lewis, Challenger

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, March 24

THERE is an unchanging quality in the Lewis tragedy. Once again the massive, morose leader of the Mine Workers goes through his familiar theatrical routine of contract negotiations. This is his second major war-time show. The first led to four coal strikes. Probably nobody, not even Lewis himself, knows how the new adventure will end. It is clear, however, that the stakes are infinitely bigger than the union's listed demands. Lewis is still trying to recapture the place of power in the labor movement which he lost when the C. I. O. repudiated his leadership. He is still waging his war of revenge—the private war to which he has devoted most of his time and resources since Pearl Harbor.

Watching him tirelessly quibble with the operators, maneuver for position, assume old postures, and triumphantly turn new phrases, one cannot escape the sense of enormous human waste. At history's turning-point his battles remain personal and local; amid momentous realignments of world labor he recites his picturesque polemics against the coal barons, cries out anew against Roosevelt's Administration, haggles with men who are half his size. The most dramatic performer on labor's stage should have a more majestic role. This is the one Lewis chose.

It is fruitless to speculate on the outcome of the current talks. Official announcement of a deadlock is momentarily expected as this is written; the bituminous pact expires on April 1. The two most explosive items in the U. M. W. program are Lewis's unexpected proposal for a ten-c nts-a-ton union royalty on all coal mined and his insistence that the union have the right to strike to prevent shipments of coal to firms whose employees are on strike. The first proposal, if granted, would give the U. M. W. the most fabulous war chest in labor annals. The second would make other unions vastly dependent on the good-will of the Lewis machine. Both have created minor panic among the easily terrified operators. They are willing to discuss the "fringe" wage increases sought by Lewis, such as payment for explosives; they would undoubtedly yield a lot of ground on this point. Will Lewis force a showdown on the royalty and boycott issues? Will the government seize the mines before the showdown comes? No one is sure yet. Much of Lewis's strategy may hinge on day-to-day developments in the European war. A sudden Nazi collapse would probably alter his time-table and dispel any mood of compromise.

Regardless of the tactical moves Lewis decides to make, his long-range plan is unchanged. It is reflected in his speeches at the wage conferences. It is mirrored in the sullen pages of the *Mine Workers' Journal*. As the war nears its end, he believes that labor will be in a mood for militant leadership—and will find itself in the arms of John L. Lewis.

Throughout the war Lewis's thinking has been shaped by the conviction that the stabilization program was doomed to failure: inflation, profiteering, and inequalities of sacrifice were inevitable. Rank-and-file unionists would become disgruntled and disheartened. The prevailing temper at the war's end would be disillusionment. The labor chiefs who faithfully adhered to the President's leadership would find themselves generally discredited. And labor would roll out the carpet for Lewis's victorious homecoming. His strategy has required extraordinary patience, but Lewis has never wavered in his belief that it would be vindicated.

The *Mine Workers' Journal* has hammered away on the theme of the Administration's "betrayal" of labor's interests. Lewis has punctured long silences with clamor against profiteering and scornful thrusts at pro-Roosevelt laborites. Now he has the floor again; the coal case gives him a national audience. "The rich get richer," he laments, calling the roll of corporate profits. Undeniable loopholes in the stabilization set-up provide him with his text. Administration blunders—such as the price increase granted to company stores in the coal regions—strengthen his hand. A. F. L. and C. I. O. leaders continue their futile demands for the relaxation of the Little Steel formula. In Detroit 300,000 members of the Automobile Workers' Union participate in a referendum on the no-strike pledge; one third vote to rescind the pledge on the eve of the war's climactic engagements. In Washington the Senate Banking and Currency Committee hears a long line of lobbyists for profit-laden industries demand new concessions to special interests in the price-control law. Lewis might have written the scenario himself. The outbursts of left-wing C. I. O. leaders against him are relatively unimportant; he is addressing labor's rank and file.

He began the negotiations in characteristic fashion. Demands for a general wage increase representing a frontal assault on the wage-stabilization line were generally forecast; instead he brought forth the royalty rabbit. One paradox in this proposal has not been widely noted. Throughout his career Lewis has sneered at "social-service" projects in trade unions. The union's business, he maintained, was wages and hours; let Dubinsky stage "Pins and Needles" or build a summer camp for unionists. Now he pledges that funds accruing from the royalties will be used to give U. M. W. members "modern medical and surgical service, hospitalization, insurance, rehabilitation, and economic protection." Surely none can contend, he asserts, that this device is inflationary; no one can brand it a violation of the stabilization rules.

On the surface this proposal seemed to represent a major if belated chapter in Lewis's education. On the one hand

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he was recognizing that unions could serve human needs beyond the collective-bargaining table. He also appeared to be tacitly conceding that the economics of the anti-inflation program made some sense. But inevitably the thoroughness of Lewis's conversion was open to question. Who would administer this huge royalty fund? Presumably the Executive Board of the U. M. W. Who is the Executive Board? John L. Lewis and the yes-men who have survived his purges. What guaranties are there that the money will be used for the lofty purposes outlined? None at all. The phrase "economic protection" could readily be the justification for using most of the fund to finance post-war organizing enterprises which Lewis has long been planning.

Lewis's other surprise move was his filing of a strike notice. The ill-conceived Smith-Connally law, framed to "get" Lewis, gave him the opportunity to call for the biggest strike ballot in labor history. The vote, which will have occurred before this appears unless the government takes over the mines at the eleventh hour, is to be conducted by a government agency—the National Labor Relations Board. The result is a foregone conclusion. On Election Day the miners follow Franklin D. Roosevelt. In union affairs they follow Lewis. To the miners this is strictly union business. Anything more than a token vote of opposition will represent a sensational upset.

It had been anticipated, of course, that Lewis would avoid any discussion of strikes, as he did two years ago, and that the miners would act without written or public orders. "No contract, no work" needs no elaboration in the coal fields. Instead, Lewis proclaimed his respect for law and order; to protect the legal interests of his members—in the event of an unpleasant interruption of work—the notice was duly filed.

As soon as the strike vote is over the miners are free to stop work without fear of reprisal until the government seizes the properties. Once the walkouts begin, the Administration will unquestionably intervene; presumably the miners will resume work, and the long process of War Labor Board mediation will start. But the fact that a strike ballot was taken will vastly enhance Lewis's strength, both in the bargaining process and in his labor public relations. The operators are almost pathologically fearful of government seizure; this time, they are convinced, they won't get their mines back for an indefinite period—although their profits will continue. As the threat of seizure mounts, the temptation to capitulate grows.

The vote will also be heralded by Lewis as an affirmation that he is solidly supported in the coal fields. It will be a new demonstration of his supremacy in the U. M. W. It will offer him at least minor solace for the recurrent defeats he has suffered at Roosevelt's hands in national affairs. And, as in 1943, his foes will be divided. Suspecting Lewis, many will nevertheless be reluctant to join the witch-hunt against the miners. The opulence of the coal operators will caricature their squawks of patriotic indignation.

Whatever happens, the 1945 coal conflict remains primarily another incident in Lewis's long campaign. His real battleground will be the post-war world. The present skirmishing is a build-up for the decisive rounds in the fight for leadership of labor. Lewis shows no signs of senility.

Hitler's Last General

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

AT THE climactic stage in the Battle of Germany Hitler once again seeks to stave off his inevitable fate by a shuffle of top commanders in the western theater of war. Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's headquarters confirmed on March 22 what had earlier been rumored in Swedish and Swiss dispatches—that Field Marshal Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt has been relieved of his command in the west.

The only surprise in Montgomery's statement was the name of Rundstedt's successor. Previous reports had suggested that the man picked by the Führer to carry on the most thankless job in the world was Field Marshal Walther Model. Instead, Hitler's last hope is Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, who steps into Rundstedt's shoes. His deputy is Field Marshal Johannes Blaskowitz, who recently succeeded General Kurt Student in the northern army command, facing the Canadians. The southern wing of Kesselring's Rhine front is commanded by Obergruppenführer Paul Hausser of the Waffen-S.S. Rundstedt's Chief of Staff, the young and brilliant Lieutenant General Siegfried Westphal, is still at his post. Significantly he served for almost two years as Kesselring's chief of staff in Italy before he was transferred to Rundstedt's command last November.

Of the new team Hausser alone can be regarded as a 100 per cent Nazi. Westphal and Blaskowitz are career officers of the old school. The latter is less than lukewarm in his Nazi faith; he is known to have vigorously opposed Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union, and he frequently disregarded the Führer's strategic concepts in Russia. Early in 1943 he was transferred to the west, and led the German withdrawal from southern France with considerable skill.

Kesselring himself is almost as cryptic and ambiguous a figure as Rundstedt. Both men played highly mysterious roles in the plot that led to the attempt on Hitler's life last July 20. Undoubtedly they both had a finger in this affair, but with equal adroitness they knew how to extricate them-

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selves at the critical moment. Immediately after the bomb attempt a usually well-informed Swiss newspaper, *La Suisse* of Geneva, reported that Kesselring, with two generals and two colonels of his staff, had been arrested on suspicion of complicity. On July 25 the official Deutsches Nachrichtenbüro said that Kesselring had been slightly wounded in Italy —similar mishaps occurred at the time to several other Nazi field commanders who subsequently were revealed to have been implicated in the plot.

On November 2 Kesselring again was reported to have been wounded when an Allied plane strafed his automobile near Bologna. Then, on December 31, a broadcast by the Brussels radio quoted what was said to be the copy of an order of the day by Hitler, dated November 27, announcing the death of Marshal Kesselring and of several other high officers. This drew an immediate denial from Allied headquarters, whose spokesman in Rome categorically declared that Kesselring was still alive. Probably the Brussels story was planted by the Germans in an attempt to mislead the Allies about Kesselring and thus prepare the ground for his assumption of command—which the Nazis never announced. There is unmistakable significance in Kesselring's appointment to his present post.

Whatever his feelings toward Hitler and the Nazi regime, the Marshal is known to belong to the "no surrender" school. Although as a strategist he is not so highly rated as Rundstedt, he is a master of the slow, hard-fighting retreat. He proved in Italy that he is able to make the most of the defensive opportunities offered by difficult terrain. So it is logical to assume that Hitler's choice of the man at this crucial stage, when the Allies are about to cross the Rhine and the Oder in strength, is closely tied up with the Nazis' well-known plans for a desperate last-ditch stand in the inaccessible mountain areas of Bavaria, Austria, and northern Italy. Apparently Kesselring is the man picked to conduct the retreat from the indefensible plains of northern Germany to the "Alpine citadel," where the Nazi desperadoes hope to last through at least another winter. Rundstedt would hardly have been fitted for such a task.

Originally Kesselring, a fifty-eight-year-old Bavarian, was an air-force man. He was a captain in World War I and distinguished himself in many dog fights. It was largely because of his old friendship with Hermann Göring that he advanced rapidly under the Nazi regime. In June, 1936, he was made Chief of Staff of the Luftwaffe, in which he had previously headed the department of training. In this capacity, he had been the first to develop the technique of mass air attacks in support of ground forces which came to be known as *rollender Einsatz*.

As commander of Luftflotte I since the Wehrmacht reform of February, 1938, Kesselring took a prominent part in the Polish campaign, where his *rollender Einsatz* worked perfectly. Later he directed aerial campaigns in Belgium, France, and Britain. He was made a field marshal at the Reichstag "victory" meeting of June 30, 1940. After the outbreak of war with Russia he directed aerial operations on the central sector. In February, 1942, he was transferred to Italy, where he won most of his laurels.

Rundstedt's removal has dealt a severe blow to Allied hopes of getting the bulk of the Wehrmacht to surrender once Germany's military situation has become hopeless beyond any shadow of a doubt. Whether or not Rundstedt recently made overtures to General Eisenhower looking toward an armistice, as reports from various European capitals have suggested—Berlin took pains to issue an official denial —there can be little doubt that the hope was entertained in Allied circles that Rundstedt at the proper time would surrender the regular army. He was the only German general with sufficient prestige and authority to swing a major portion of the Wehrmacht away from Hitler's and Himmler's leadership.

Field Marshal von Rundstedt is a unique phenomenon —unique not so much for his accomplishments in the military sphere, where he achieved solid distinction, as for the fact that for more than twelve years he managed to be a Nazi and an anti-Nazi at the same time. Virtually alone among the Reichswehr old-timers, whose somewhat qualified allegiance Hitler won when he became Chancellor, Rundstedt weathered all subsequent purges. In order fully to appreciate this achievement, let us glance back at the Reichswehr set-up before February 4, 1938, when Hitler first assumed direct command over all the armed forces of the Reich.

At the beginning of 1938 this was the distribution of top commands in the Reichswehr:

War Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht
Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg

Commander-in-Chief of the Army
General Werner von Fritsch

Chief of the General Staff — General Ludwig Beck

Gruppenkommandos
- Berlin: General Karl Gerd von Rundstedt
- Kassel: General Wilhelm Franz Ritter von Leeb
- Dresden: General Fedor von Bock

Wehrkreiskommandos
- Koenigsberg: General Walther von Brauchitsch
- Stettin: General Johannes Blaskowitz
- Berlin: General Edwin von Witzleben
- Dresden: General Siegmund W. W. List
- Stuttgart: General Geyer von Schweppenburg
- Muenster: General Gunther von Kluge
- Muenchen: General Walther von Reichenau
- Breslau: General Paul Ludwig von Kleist
- Kassel: General Hermann Dollmann
- Hamburg: General Knochenhauer

Those were for many years the foremost names in the Germany army. These generals, with a few others, won most of the early blitz victories for Hitler. Few of them survived defeat.

Fritsch and Reichenau were murdered by the Gestapo; Beck and Witzleben were executed last July; Dollman was killed in the Battle of France; Kluge committed suicide; Knochenhauer is dead; Blomberg, in retirement since February 4, 1938, is believed to have fallen into Allied hands when Capri, where he lived, was taken; Brauchitsch has been inactive since his dismissal from the army High Command on December 19, 1941; Bock, Leeb, List, and Kleist were relieved of their commands on the eastern front in 1942 and 1943 and have not been heard from since the great

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purge of July, 1944; Geyer von Schweppenburg reportedly was killed on that occasion. The only ones of the sixteen who at the beginning of this year were known to be alive and still holding top commands were Rundstedt and Blaskowitz.

This is the more remarkable as Rundstedt, so far as is known, never joined the Nazi Party and for years was regarded as one of the leaders, if not *the* leader, of the secret Wehrmacht opposition to the Nazi regime and Hitler's "intuitive" conduct of the war.

It is not accurate to say that Rundstedt was one of Hitler's earliest backers among the Reichswehr generals. He was no friend of the Weimar Republic, it is true, and in 1932 he arrested the Prussian Socialist Ministers Braun and Severing, but his sympathies were with the anti-Nazi-minded General Kurt von Schleicher rather than with Hitler or Franz von Papen. Rundstedt, in fact, scarcely concealed his Junker's contempt for the "inflated lance corporal" and the "brown filth" (the S.A.) that carried him to power. He openly despised and opposed the Führer's handyman in the High Command, Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel. Though he did not speak up when his good friend Schleicher and his wife were murdered by the Gestapo in the blood purge of June 30, 1934, he never forgave the Nazis this affront.

In the latter part of 1943 the rumors about Rundstedt's disaffection took very definite shape. On December 16 a dispatch to the New York *Times* from its well-informed Stockholm correspondent George Axelsson said that Rundstedt, at that time military governor of France, had fallen into disgrace because he "responded to the appeal from German officers in Moscow to overthrow Nazism." The *Times* did not say how Rundstedt had "responded" to the appeals of General Walther von Seydlitz's "Union of German Officers in the U. S. S. R." beyond saying that he had made "overtures" to Moscow. The paper added that the Gestapo got wind of Rundstedt's moves and that the Marshal's neck was only saved by the intercession of his fellow-generals. About the same time reports were current in London that Rundstedt had dispatched one of his trusted aides, a Lieutenant Colonel von Harbour, to Lisbon on a secret peace mission. Later it was rumored that Harbour had been caught and shot by the Gestapo.

As D-Day approached, a strange game of backstage intrigues and unexplained shuffles of command began, and Rundstedt's character and position became even more ambiguous. In the early months of 1944 it was generally understood in Allied circles that Rundstedt had been shunted aside and that the task of defending the Atlantic Wall against the impending invasion had been turned over to Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, one of Hitler's favorites. The prominence given to Rommel in German news dispatches and pictures and his highly publicized tour of the Atlantic defenses bore out this impression.

On May 18, 1944, however, the German Transocean News Agency announced that Rundstedt had been named commander-in-chief of all German forces in Western Europe. Nevertheless, rumors persisted that the Marshal was wavering in his loyalty to Hitler and planning to let the Allies into France. While events proved this story to be untrue, it is a fact that the Atlantic Wall was breached far more quickly and at less cost to the Allies than had been anticipated. One month after the start of the invasion, on July 6, Hitler replaced Rundstedt with Field Marshal Günther von Kluge.

What had happened? There was no explanation until July 22, when a United Press dispatch from London quoted Allied intelligence quarters as saying that Rundstedt's dismissal was due to "a serious conflict between Nazi Elite Guard troops and the German army over the recent Oradour-sur-Glâne massacre in France, which resulted in the assassination of a German general."

Thus when Colonel Klaus von Stauffenberg's bomb exploded at Hitler's headquarters on July 20, Runstedt was in retirement. Reports immediately sprang up that he was in league with the rebels, that he had joined a secret "peace government," that he had fallen a victim of Himmler's purge. For a few days, while some of his colleagues hastened publicly to reaffirm their loyalty to the Führer and others were openly implicated in the assassination attempt, nothing at all was heard from Rundstedt. Then, on August 4, an amazing thing happened. A special announcement from the Führer's headquarters stated that Rundstedt, together with Keitel, Heinz Guderian, the new chief of the General Staff, and two obscure generals, had been appointed by Hitler to a military "court of honor" charged with investigating army officers who were suspected of participation in the putsch of July 20. The announcement went on to say that those found guilty by the "court of honor" were to be expelled from the Wehrmacht and handed over to the dreaded People's Tribunal for trial as "common criminals."

Incredibly, Rundstedt consented to sit in judgment on his peers. He acquiesced in the degradation of twenty-two army officers, most of them above the rank of major and including eight who were dead. He handed over to the Nazi Party's kangaroo court masquerading as the People's Tribunal his good friend Field Marshal Erwin von Witzleben, who for many years had served directly under him as commander of the Third Military District of Berlin. Witzleben and seven other officers were ignominiously hanged on August 8.

Shortly afterward Rundstedt's successor as commander-in-chief on the western front, Field Marshal von Kluge, committed suicide. This has been officially confirmed in a German High Command order of August 31, signed by Keitel, a copy of which fell into the hands of the British in December. According to the official Nazi version, Kluge's suicide was due to his "depressing responsibility for the outcome of the Battle of Normandy," but a B. B. C. correspondent, Hugh Carlton Green, who investigated the matter in Paris, arrived at the conclusion that the Marshal killed himself in despair over the execution of so many of his personal friends and out of a feeling of guilt. Kluge, Mr. Green declared, had known of the plot to remove Hitler and approved of it in principle, although he was reluctant to commit himself. This was the attitude of many high-ranking German officers in the July 20 affair, with generally disastrous consequences for them.

Whatever the reasons for Kluge's suicide, a few days after his death Rundstedt was back at his old post as commander on the western front. There was no announcement of this, and it was not until some weeks later that Allied intelligence

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officers began to recognize the Rundstedt touch in German military operations. Once the secret was out, the Nazis confirmed it.

Meanwhile, Field Marshal Rommel, with whom Rundstedt never got along well, had been eliminated by an Allied airplane that strafed his staff car near Caen on July 17. Rommel was critically wounded and died a few days later. This left Rundstedt the real master on the western front.

Although we have no official information on the subject, there is good reason to believe that Rundstedt resumed his old command on his own terms. He did so at a time when the military situation in both west and east had taken a disastrous turn for the Germans. For the first time since the days of Frederick the Great, the Fatherland was threatened with invasion from several directions. All we know for certain at this stage is that some time in late August or early September Hitler's "intuitive" conduct of the war was cut short by a bloodless palace revolution engineered by Heinrich Himmler, Joseph Goebbels, and Albert Speer—the influential, if little publicized, Minister for Armament and War Production—with at least the tacit support of Martin Bormann, the Deputy Leader of the Nazi Party. The purpose of the coup was to override Hitler's objections to giving Rundstedt a completely free hand in the west. The Marshal had refused to resume his command without an iron-clad guaranty that there would be no more interference "from above" with his strategic and tactical decisions. Himmler, who in spite of his ruthlessness is a far more judicious person than Hitler, granted Rundstedt's demands and saw to it that the Führer did, too. All this is no longer in doubt. Every bit of information that has come out of Germany in recent months bears out these basic facts.

The salient fact in German military operations on the western front from last fall up to early March was Rundstedt's untrammeled control. High Allied officers have attested to this on several occasions. The great German counter-offensive in the Ardennes last December was planned and executed by Rundstedt, although according to reports credited by some Allied officials Hitler inspired it. It was a good, professional job, even though it ended in failure.

In launching his offensive on December 16 Rundstedt issued an order of the day in which he exhorted his men to "give everything and to achieve the superhuman for our Fatherland and our Führer." In subsequent proclamations, too, he made a show of unquestioning loyalty and subordination to the Führer. By all appearances, then, Rundstedt was a faithful paladin of Hitler's, and all those rumors suggesting that some day he might become Germany's Badoglio were so much eyewash. Or were they?

If Rundstedt, the Junker, the old-school general, the friend of Schleicher, Fritsch, and Witzleben, really turned Nazi at a time when practically all his old colleagues had deserted the Führer, or had been eliminated by him, he would be a rare bird indeed. One may argue, of course, that in shouldering the hopeless task of pulling Germany out of the military quagmire into which Hitler's intuition had dumped it Rundstedt was prompted by purely patriotic motives. He may have wished to "save" Germany even at the cost of preserving Hitler and the Nazi regime. If that is the case, then Rundstedt's loyalty was bound to end the day it became obvious in his eyes that further resistance was senseless.

But it is far easier to climb on the Nazi band-wagon than to get off. According to Swiss reports, Rundstedt is now under arrest, awaiting trial. The Germans have officially announced that the Marshal's only son, Hans Gerd, a high official in the War Ministry, has been arrested. This alone is proof that the foxy "first gentleman of the German army" is in a bad way. He weathered all purges—except the last.

Two Were Hanged

BY GEROLD FRANK

ELIAHU HAKIM and Eliahu Bet-Souri are dead. They paid with their lives on the hangman's scaffold in Cairo for the murder, the deliberate and premeditated murder, of Lord Moyne, British minister resident in the Middle East. There is no question that they died firm in the belief that they were martyrs, and there is no question that a small segment of Palestine Jewry will agree with them. But the tragedy is one that goes beyond mere sympathy for two misguided youths and the family of the man they murdered.

I attended their trial in Cairo, and like the other correspondents in the courtroom day after day, I was deeply affected by the dignity with which they stated their case, by the courage with which they faced their judges, and by the closely reasoned argument they presented. They killed Lord Moyne. There was never any question of that. "We came to Egypt to kill the lord," Bet-Souri said. He said it without histrionics. "He was a symbol of British rule in Palestine, and as a symbol we killed him." They had nothing against him as a man. This was not a murder of passion. He was a symbol. Perhaps you saw photographs of Hakim and Bet-Souri which showed them as dark-jowled, shifty-eyed guttersnipes. They were not that. Hakim, no more than eighteen, was a thin, sallow boy, and when he spoke, it was in a strained, hesitant voice, and he quoted the Bible. Bet-Souri was fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a close-clipped blond mustache above a firm mouth and strong chin—a steady youth who stood with folded arms between his impassive guards and now and then leveled a forefinger at the presiding justice and said calmly, "I disagree with you," or "That is not the fact." He was only twenty-three, but he spoke with the measured precision and maturity of a man twice his age. He carried the trial.

His premise was an astonishing one—we correspondents agreed on that—and yet so persuasive was his sincerity and so carefully reasoned his argument that if you accepted

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his premise you found yourself driven almost to his conclusion—that he and Hakim should be acquitted. What was this premise? It emerged from the charge that Great Britain was given the mandate precisely because it promised to facilitate immigration into Palestine, that immigration was deliberately halted by the White Paper in contravention of the mandate at a time when thousands of Jews, now dead in Europe, could have been brought into Palestine, and that he, Bet-Souri, and other "Sons of Palestine" had pleaded and protested and appealed—without avail.

"If we have given up propaganda and speeches as a method and have turned to the gun," said Bet-Souri, "it is because that is how the situation is in Palestine." Lord Moyne was a symbol, and he was killed. What was their premise? Bet-Souri stated it in what was undoubtedly the most electrifying moment of the trial. The presiding justice, thin-faced, gray-haired, exact, wearing the inevitable red tarboosh and seated on a throne-like chair, had abruptly halted Bet-Souri in his speech and snapped impatiently, "Here, stop this! You are giving us political propaganda. Get down to facts. What has all this to do with the killing of Lord Moyne?" And Bet-Souri, suddenly losing his calmness as he stood in the prisoners' dock behind the spike-tipped iron staves fencing him off from us, took one step forward toward the presiding justice, leveled that accusing finger at him, and in a voice so impassioned and carrying the accents of such righteousness that it almost brought us out of our seats, cried, "Our deed stemmed from our motives, and our motives stemmed from our ideals, and if we prove our ideals are right and just, then our deed was just!" The presiding justice, taken aback, stared at him for a moment, looked down at his blotter, and said in Arabic, "Continue."

The court suppressed note-taking when Bet-Souri made his speech explaining the motives behind the murder, but to anyone who has been in Palestine they are no secret. It has been charged before that the Criminal Investigation Division of the Palestine government has used torture to elicit information, that men have been arrested and held in jail without benefit of trial. There have been charges of misrule and dictatorial acts. But, above all, an entire generation of youth have felt a terrible sense of frustration when they saw their people massacred throughout Europe by the million and were given no opportunity to fight as Jews against the monstrous enemy or even to rescue those who could be saved.

Why did Hakim and Bet-Souri kill Lord Moyne? It was to bring their grievances violently to the attention of the world. In their extremist philosophy the Zionist method of seeking a solution for Jewish homelessness by working in concert with Great Britain was ineffectual. "Our deed was a political deed," Bet-Souri told the court. "We did not know the lord personally. We carried a photograph of him so we could recognize him. It was a political act. What other reason could we possibly have?" For that reason he wanted their case tried before an international court, a "court that does not yet exist, based on pure morals and pure justice." I was told by an advising defense attorney that he first suggested to the boys that they plead temporary insanity and throw themselves on the mercy of the court. They refused. Lord Moyne was a symbol—and their act was a symbol. If they could not explain it, they said, it would have been in vain. I asked Bet-Souri, when the defense rested, if he had said all he wished to say. He looked at me. "About 85 per cent," he said.

For much of the trial it seemed that Bet-Souri had the audience, the correspondents, and, if truth be told, even the judges, with him. His speech made a tremendous appeal to a courtroom of Egyptians many of whom in their own youth had belonged to similar extremist nationalist organizations. When Bet-Souri, arms folded, eyes fixed on space, said reflectively, "I remember how as a boy in Tel-Aviv, standing on the terrace of my father's house, I saw British police quell a demonstration, and I asked myself, 'What are these strangers doing in my land? Why should a man leave his home and family in a far-away country and come into my country to do these things?' " There was a rustling through the audience, and Egyptian turned to Egyptian with a knowing smile. Bet-Souri played upon Egyptian nationalism. "We had definite orders not to harm any Egyptian," he said. "Our fight is not with the Egyptians. Our orders dealt with Lord Moyne and only Lord Moyne."

Three Egyptian attorneys spoke in the boys' behalf, but it was Bet-Souri who stated the case and Bet-Souri who made the plea, and it was Bet-Souri who rose when his attorneys had finished and said, "I want to thank my attorneys. I want to thank this court for its treatment of me. I am sure we could not have received better treatment anywhere in the world. But I want to make it clear that I do not agree with everything my attorneys have said in my defense. The political views stated by the defense relating to Palestine are not my views." In this he was denying a statement that the aims of the Zionists and the Sternists were identical. In his own speech he had emphasized that his ideas were "not Zionist ideas," that he and his fellow-Sternists disassociated themselves from Zionism, that they represented the Sons of Palestine who had fought for Palestine's freedom before a Balfour Declaration existed. The Sternists, who at most number some 150 active members and who are part of an extremist group totaling about 2,000, do not represent Palestine Jewry, which numbers more than 600,000.

How was the assassination taken in Palestine? It came as a tremendous shock. People could not believe the first Cairo dispatches which stated that the two killers "spoke Hebrew."

I was listening to the radio in the office of a high Zionist official in Jerusalem when Winston Churchill, speaking from London, declared that he, one of the "architects of Zionism," might have to reconsider his position if terrorism continued. The Zionist leader had been telling me how he, personally, had been overwhelmed by the news of the murder, and how terrible a blow his cause had suffered. Now, after Churchill's warning, tears actually sprang to his eyes as he said, "When I think how proud we have been that Zionism could always come before the world with clean hands as a constructive, creative movement of the highest human order, and when I think of what these boys have been led to do—." He walked around his desk and clenched his fists in helplessness. "It is something so exasperating to us, something so awful and dreadful, that I cannot find words to express myself."

Lord Moyne is dead. Bet-Souri and Hakim are dead. They committed murder. They have paid for what they did. It is one more tragic chapter in the history of a tragic people.

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China to Lin Yutang—II

BY EDGAR SNOW

IN the latest issue of *The Nation* I notice that the learned Dr. Lin Yutang has written an extensive footnote to his "Vigil of a Nation" by way of a reply to my comments on that extraordinary opus. In the main he does not refute my observations about the paucity of reliable testimony and documentation in the book itself, but is obliged to draw upon new data from official Kuomintang sources to support his position. Evidently the industrious Dr. Lin is now compiling a sequel; so I think we may safely wait for "Vigil No. 2," in toto, before dealing seriously with the latest results of his research into the iniquities of Confucius with a red flag.

Meanwhile, it doesn't require too much energy, or take too much of the reader's attention away from the business of fighting our real enemy, the Japanese, to make the following comments on his essay:

1. Dr. Lin denies that he is opposed to the United States arming the Communist partisans against the enemy. I got quite the contrary impression from his book—but very well; I must have misunderstood him, and I shall now assume that he is henceforth in favor of our giving the partisans "arms, food, medicine, and financial help" and expects in return only that the Communists shall not oppose continued lend-lease aid to Chiang Kai-shek. That seems a constructive attitude; all that Lin has to do now is persuade Chungking to adopt it.

2. The analytical Dr. Lin detects a sinister Russian influence behind the fact that in my review *The Nation* inadvertently dropped the "g" from General Pang's name. Am I, then, to assume a similar influence at work on Dr. Lin because in his reply the "g" is also missing from the name of General Peng Teh-huai? If we are going to be technical why did Dr. Lin omit the aspirate in writing both "P'eng" and "P'ang"? Why, for that matter, does he omit it in "yu-t'ang"? The Japanese usually omit aspirates when romanizing Chinese names. Could there be any hidden significance in this coincidence?

3. The main burden of Dr. Lin's remarks seems to be that the Kungchantang has utilized the war as a means of strengthening its military and political power. That much is self-evident; all his documentation on that point is quite superfluous. At the same time Dr. Lin will doubtless readily concede that it is equally obvious that the Kuomintang has likewise utilized the war emergency in order to suppress, wherever possible, all serious political opposition to the perpetuation of its own one-party dictatorship.

4. Elsewhere Dr. Lin asserts that I "distorted" his meaning or inaccurately quoted him. I do not think so; his attempts to prove otherwise seem quibbling to me. Readers of his book may draw their own conclusions about that.

5. There is nothing new or startling in Lin's "revelation" that the Kungchantang has not abandoned its ultimate aspiration to complete the revolution in China and establish socialism there. The Communists have never denied that, but apparently Lin only recently discovered it. Why assume, however, a similar ignorance on the part of the American public?

6. There is also no doubt that the Chinese Communists are very close in their sympathies to the U. S. S. R. and that during the war they have sought to defend Soviet policies.

Finally, Dr. Lin asks what course China will follow in the future and whether it will "adopt the Anglo-Saxon or the Russian model." He asks what I think. I think the dynamic elements of society are far too complex for any great people like the Chinese to adopt any other one country as a model. In the long run the Chinese will work out a social pattern which synthesizes all the living economic, political, cultural, and social forces of their own environment and their great history—in other words, an authentic Chinese pattern. I think Dr. Lin's anxiety and fears on this subject are somewhat neurotic, and unworthy of a distinguished philosopher in the long bright tradition of Lao Tze and Master Kung—whether under a white sun or a red star.

In the Wind

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL, a prolific writer of tracts extolling free enterprise, has this to say in a leaflet currently being distributed by the Committee for Constitutional Government: "The present hollering for sixty million jobs is a con game, pure and simple. . . . Let us not fall off the earth reaching for the moon."

JOHN LEUTHOLD of Breckenridge, Colorado, writing to the Denver *Post* of March 11, quotes with approval Pope Pius's speech contrasting "a people's government by honest and far-seeing men" and "a democratic state left to the whims of the masses." "I claim," says Leuthold, "that there is practically as big an intellectual difference between the honest and far-seeing men whom the Pope had in mind and a human mass formation as there is between the cowboys and the steers." And the editor comments, "Not a bad comparison."

ALEX SMALL, a staff writer for the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate, came East about six weeks ago to write up the magazines for his readers. This is from his report on *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, as it appeared in the *Tribune* and other papers of March 18: "Like *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, these weeklies are read by people who have weight in their communities. If asked which has the more effect on policy, the *Saturday Evening Post* with its 3,400,000 circulation or *The Nation* with its 42,000, my choice would be the latter. . . . They are for war, war everywhere and with everyone who is not of their religion. An itch for mischief especially seems to possess the dynamic Freda Kirchwey, today the dominating spirit of *The Nation*. If there is anything anywhere to add to the misery of this tortured world, any blazing injustice, any despicable sham, any foul deed, you may be sure that the *New Republic* and *The Nation* are for it."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Vidkun Quisling having taken over the Norwegian King's summer residence near Oslo, all bushes on the road leading to it have been removed. . . . And down in Denmark the Nazi Gauleiter, Dr. Werner Best, travels between his villa and his office in an ambulance.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*]

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Spain and the Peace

BY BERNARDO CLARIANA

(Translated from the Spanish by Dudley Fitts)

"This peace is the true end of the war."
—Don Quixote: 1, xxxvii.

1

MESSIEURS THE DELEGATES TO THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO PEACE CONFERENCE
Illustrious cartographers of the pursuit of collective happiness
Precise pilots
Babylonian guests
Inexorable judges of the crime of war
Forgers of the peace,
A Spaniard in exile addresses you
Compressing his speech into three short questions:

Is it the Peace of Governments, or the Peace of Peoples?
The Peace of Arms, or the Peace of Ideas?
The Peace of the Dead, or the Peace of the Living?

As you leave the train in San Francisco
—How very odd that its name should be the same as Franco's!—
Upon your return from the Crimea and from Mexico,
A Spanish Ariel glides among
You Prosperos obsessed with the idea of denying his presence,
But his spirit conquers you and compels you
Murmuring at your ears
"Spain . . . Spain . . . Spain."
What are you going to do with the Spanish people?

The Peace of Governments, or the Peace of Peoples?

How can you deny a seat at San Francisco
To the Spanish Republic?
Perhaps you will prefer to offer it to Francisco Franco?
Will you sentence twice to solitary confinement
An innocent and heroic people?
Review your own shortcomings
At that time when Spain alone worked the miracle
Of being itself, the sole incarnation
Of all the United Nations of the earth,
And a few men of good-will
Raised high in their agony
The lance and targe of the Knight of La Mancha.
—How then can you condemn an entire people
To loneliness and exile
And silence?
Place but a small chair in San Francisco
And label it with the name of the people's Spain,
And you will see how the applause of the worlds old and new
Will give you the cubic measure
Of the ubiquitous heart of my country.

2

The Peace of Arms, or the Peace of Ideas?

It is time now to have done with propaganda and to begin with truth
Since it is impossible to utter a single word about peace
Without taking Spain into account,
Just as it is impossible to speak of justice
And ignore Don Quixote.
—When this war is ended
Remember simply
The place where it began,
And you need not say like Cervantes,
"In a town in La Mancha, whose name I do not wish to recall" . . .
For all of us remember perfectly well,
And some of those nations
In whose names you pronounce
Your disquisitions on the peace
Have their own dead also in Spain.

The peace of arms, or the peace of ideas?
—or as the anguished Don Miguel
de Unamuno would say,
Neither the one nor the other
But the peace of men's souls.
Messieurs the Delegates to the great San Francisco Peace Conference,
How shall you order
The triumphal cavalcade
Of the Four Freedoms
If you keep Prometheus chained
To the rocks of Spain?

3

The Peace of the Dead, or the Peace of the Living?

It is all said now in that restless Bible of my land.
Filled with the bitterness of insult
Is the cup of loneliness
That our Lord Don Quixote
Drains in solitude,
While shattered on the ground
Lies the valiant lance
That in knightly career
He bore against the windmills of Germany.
And you may point out that San Francisco
Is not the meeting of the Twelve Peers of France
Or of the Knights of the Table Round
That Don Quixote should be given a place in it.
But listen to what Ariel is whispering into your ears

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As you leave the train in California:
"Invite the Spanish Republic
"If you would bring peace to men's souls;
"Begin your justice with Spain
"And proclaim far and wide
"That the heirs of Quixote
"Will rebuild in peace their workers' republic,
"Ransoming the gentle pasture land
"From the dukes and the canons."
This is the only justice that Spain demands of you
The only reason for what you are doing now
At this very moment
When you so cruelly maintain
Your obstinate silence
As to Spain,
Messieurs the Delegates to the great San Francisco Peace Conference
Babylonian guests
Inexorable judges
Forgers of the peace
Precise pilots
Of the drifting ship of the world.

Neo-Democracy in Brazil

BY PAULO DUARTE

THE present scramble of fascists and quislings to leave Hitler's sinking ship for a safe haven in the post-war world from which they may comfortably conduct new fifth-column activities was to be expected. But although we have been warned of this many times, there is still a surprising inclination to accept at face value the democratic protestations which these fascists are now putting in circulation. Since President Vargas of Brazil has become one of the most lavish spenders of these spurious coins, it is important that his recent democratic words and gestures be analyzed in the light of his past record.

In the fourteen and a half years of his regime fascism has established itself in Brazil. It has gone through three violent stages—revolutionary, constitutional, and dictatorial. The revolutionary period began with the popular national revolution that brought Vargas to the presidency in October, 1930, and lasted until July, 1932. The revolution had demanded the setting up of an electoral tribunal to guarantee free and honest elections, but once in power Vargas not only failed to restore the long-disregarded public liberties but rigidly enforced their restriction.

The reaction was the 1932 Sao Paulo revolution, which demanded that a constituent assembly be called immediately and legal order reestablished. Many leaders of the 1930 revolt participated in this new constitutional revolution. It was put down and its leaders were exiled, but its ideas remained so firmly fixed in the public mind that in 1933 Vargas was forced to call the constituent assembly. Less than a year later many of the exiles were elected deputies to this body and returned to the country. Vargas's involuntary constitutional period began at this point, July, 1934, and lasted until November, 1937. During these years Parliament enacted some of Brazil's best social legislation; Vargas was generally opposed to it at the time, but he now frequently cites it in defense of his administration.

In accordance with the democratic 1934 constitution, a presidential election campaign opened in 1937. Armando de Salles Oliveira, candidate of the Brazilian Democratic Union, an alliance of all democratic and liberal parties, had the enthusiastic support of Vargas's native state of Rio Grande do Sul and of other regions. Facing certain defeat, Vargas allied himself with the Integralistas, the Brazilian fascist party, and induced Parliament to declare the country under martial law, on the pretext that the government needed extraordinary powers to combat communism. Parliament demanded documentary proofs of the existence of a Communist menace. Vargas pledged the word of honor of the army and navy. He also stated that the proclamation of martial law would never be used to evade presidential elections or to restrict public liberties permanently. After receiving these solemn promises Parliament passed the desired measure. Vargas promptly dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate, the state legislative assemblies, and all political parties, promulgated a fascist constitution which abolished all public liberties, prolonged his rule for six more years, and imprisoned or exiled all democratic leaders. This inaugurated a completely fascist period which still continues.

On March 2, after the press had been muzzled for seven years, the dictator held a conference for some hundred reporters. The statements he made at this interview reveal him as a political adventurer pure and simple. According to newspaper reports Vargas denied that the constitution of November, 1937, was a "fascist document." Yet the author of that constitution, Francisco de Campos, Minister of Justice, has frankly defined as fascist both the constitution and the type of government it established. Vargas himself has praised the fascist laws of his "New State" in numerous speeches, and on June 11, 1940, on the eve of the fall of France he publicly proclaimed the failure of the decayed democratic regimes.

In discussing the request that amnesty be granted to political prisoners and exiles, Vargas told reporters that each case should be considered individually. As to elections, he had the audacity to assert that "only political parties may present candidates" for the presidency of the Republic. As everyone knows, there are no political parties in Brazil; they were dissolved by Vargas in 1937.

Now that the Brazilian people are enjoying a brief respite from censorship and have chosen Eduardo Gómez as their candidate for President, Vargas has the effrontery to say, "Let's wait. Who knows whether some name will not appear—a name not yet thought of—to bring tranquillity?" Vargas plans to use the same trick that served him so well in 1937. First present a candidate to oppose Gómez; that has already been done by the announcement of the candidacy of General Dutra, the Minister of War. Later, under the pretext that the election is disturbing national peace, a third name will be proposed—that of Getulio Vargas. The same maneuver worked excellently in 1937, when in opposition to De Salles Oliveira, Vargas sponsored the candidacy of Americo de Almeida, whom he then double-crossed in order to perpetuate himself in office, asserting that he wished "to

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save the country from the shock of an electoral campaign in such a moment of serious preoccupations."

In the eight years since then Brazilians have had their fill of Vargas's bag of tricks, and all indications are that he won't be able to get away with it this time.

How Many Germans?

BY MAX MANDELLAUB

THE Nazi hope that Germany would emerge from the war as the most numerous as well as the strongest nation of Europe has completely collapsed. On November 11 last, Hans Hertel, a prominent Nazi official, told the Germans: "The fight with arms yields merely temporary decisions. The birth rate decides the fate of nations for a long time ahead." That is what the Nazis had in mind when they ruthlessly exterminated potential mothers and fathers of "non-Germanic races." German demographers, in spite of their satisfaction over the falling French birth rate, were concerned about certain of their own population trends and alarmed by the continuing high fertility of the Slavs. They decided to use military and political intervention to establish a new ratio of human reproduction in Europe.

When Hitler invaded Poland, the Third Reich contained 15 per cent of the population of the European continent. The Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Flemish, Alsatians, and Swiss, together with German ethnic minorities scattered through Europe, were to yield approximately 25,000,000 people whom the Nazis, with the Gestapo as their instrument, hoped to make conscious of their Germanic blood. The plan was to create a block of 100,000,000 Germans or re-Germanized people and to step up the yearly rate of natural increase to 1.5 per cent. In less than two generations there would then be almost 200,000,000 of the *Herrenvolk*. Berlin propagandists have insisted that since 1940 the German birth rate has not followed the catastrophic trend it showed during World War I. They have announced that "in 1942 there were 15.7 births per 1,000 Germans, in 1943 the figure was 16.4, and in the present year, 1944, it is 17.6." The Reich's Central Statistical Office has calculated, however, that 820,000 births have not materialized during the last five years owing to the war, which suggests an average yearly decline of 160,000 births. If we apply these figures to the population of the Reich, which was about 68,500,000 at the end of 1939, we find that Germany's "normal" growth between 1939 and 1945 was about 1,700,000. The anticipated 3,800,000 *Volksdeutsche* refugees within the Reich's borders by the end of the war raises the hypothetical number of Germans in 1945 to 74,000,000. War losses of course must be deducted.

Hitler has never published a complete casualty list. *Die Nation*, a Swiss periodical, reckons that by the fall of 1944 the Nazis had lost 8,500,000 dead, four times as many as in the Kaiser's war. This figure, however, includes Austrians, Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, and "volunteers" from the subjugated countries serving in the German armies, and probably 2,000,000 must be deducted to obtain the figure for Reich Germans. Thus in five years of war the master race has lost approximately 6,500,000 dead.

Bitter Nazi resistance will probably increase the death toll by another 1,500,000. At least 5,000,000 *Reichsdeutsche* will be prisoners of the Allies by the end of hostilities; 4,000,000 have already been captured, with Soviet Russia holding at least 65 per cent of them. Germans killed during the inevitable social chaos following military defeat, plus the soldiers that die of their wounds, may add another million to the losses. The population of the Reich, therefore, when the Allies take over the control, will have been reduced by some 14,000,000, and about 60,000,000 will remain.

Comparative population trends in the Kaiser's and in Hitler's Reich are shown in the following table:

GERMAN POPULATION (IN THOUSANDS)

*The Kaiserreich**		*Hitler's Reich without his conquests*	
1910	64,568	1935	66,871*
1911	65,359	1936	67,349*
1912	66,146	1937	67,831*
1913	66,978	1938	68,072*
1914	67,790	1939	68,450†
1915	67,883	1940	68,700†
1916	67,715	1941	68,500†‡
1917	67,368	1942	67,300†‡
1918	66,811	1943	65,800†‡
		1944	63,500†‡
		1945	60,000†‡

* Official statistics.
† Estimates.
‡ These figures take into account the absence of prisoners of war and the presence of *Volksdeutsche* refugees.

It is apparent that at the end of the Second World War there will be nearly 7,000,000 fewer Germans within the Reich than in 1918, and 8,500,000 fewer than on the day Hitler attacked Poland.

But these figures do not tell the whole story. Of the 60,000,000 remaining, at least 15,000,000 live in border territories which will be attached to Germany's neighbors or internationally controlled. Furthermore, the age and sex composition of the German population will show a significant disequilibrium.

In 1940 the Nazis, according to their reckoning, had a reserve of approximately 19,000,000 German males of military age. Ninety per cent of the 14,000,000 losses estimated above will be from that age and sex group, which suggests that there will be 36,000,000 females as against 24,000,000 males in 1945, and that 17,000,000 of the males will be under sixteen or over sixty-five. The whole male population between the ages of seventeen and sixty-five will have been cut to a small percentage of its normal size. At best, 7,000,000 young or middle-aged men, many of them invalids, will be left. With 17,000,000 to 18,000,000 women between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, there will be two and a half times more women of procreative age than men. Such a disproportion constitutes a powerful threat to traditional concepts of morality and family stability. Towns and villages will be filled with women, children, old men, and cripples. In coming years the German birth rate will reach an all-time low, in comparison with which even the French pre-war rate will look like an index of fertility.

This is the prospect for a nation whose leaders planned a mass grave for "inferior peoples." They have succeeded in preparing the biggest cemetery of all for their own people.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE THEATER IN PARIS

BY FRANK JONES

Paris, February 8

YOU asked me to let you know what I found in Paris. I hope you'll be interested in what I can tell you about the only Paris activities I've had much chance to observe—those of the theater and press. After all, going to Paris in peace time was a creative act, a source of vision, enabling, for example, Joyce to see and write down his Dublin, Henry James and Henry Miller their Americas. Going there in war time, as a choiceless soldier, is an accident, but what an accident! It makes possible, for the first time in an army career, the feeling that one is *somewhere*; anywhere else one merely exists in a place which will soon be exchanged for another, and sometimes isn't even a place, but a jumping-off place, a stopping-off place, Joe's Place or Stinky's Place or simply an inferno of ennui.

So, being somewhere, let me try to tell you about something in this place—the theater. There are fifty-one theaters now presenting plays. But, first, a word in general. Paris is seething with intellectual activity. It's the one thing of which there is no shortage. Even the paper shortage, which has recently halved the newsprint allotment of every periodical in France, doesn't dim the basic fact: there are more and better politico-literary weeklies now than before 1939—all young, vigorous, independent. Each of the resistance movements has one—*Volontés, Bataille* (formerly *La Marseillaise* of London), *Fraternité*, and so on. The Communists, of course, call theirs *Marseillaise*. Here too they are taking over the national past, as at home they have knighted Lincoln. Even non-political weeklies devoted wholly to books and the arts have an independent air—I say "even" remembering publishers' house organs like *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. All these journals keep up such a high standard in articles, reviews, gossip, and cartoons that you hardly miss the great vanished monthlies like the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which gave up the ghost more than a year ago, having run out of literary topics at once "collaborative" and in vogue—Stefan George, for instance. My point in mentioning these weeklies is that everybody buys them, that the day after they come out you are likely to see a sign in the kiosk: "No more *Lettres Françaises*."

And everybody goes to the theater. Prices are way above pre-war level; there is no heat, even in the national theaters (the Comédie Française is oldest and coldest); there are electricity troubles and restrictions so that matinees start at five; but the intensity of projection and response is all the greater. The plays? There you touch the weak spot, as in London and New York. There are biographies—the loves of Molière on the left bank, those of Liszt on the right, and the dear old Brontë sisters on the way to Montparnasse—adaptations of novels, and many frothy comedies—you can take your choice of "Private Lives" or "Design for Living" if you don't trust their French equivalents. The English vogue extends to serious plays, too. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" and Priestley's "Dangerous Corner" are successes. No American plays. I don't think we are doing very well here yet as ambassadors of the arts. For one thing, we seem to have sent Paris no movies newer than "His Girl Friday"—which sounds quaint as "La Dame du Vendredi." I provoked an outcry of reproachful envy at dinner with some French friends by saying in all innocence that I'd seen "The Great Dictator" three times. Paris, which adores Chaplin, hasn't seen it yet; Rome, which doesn't, has. Policy, I suppose. Well, as I was saying, many of the serious plays now running in Paris are translations. The Odéon is giving "The Cherry Orchard"—about once to every five performances of Florence L. Barclay's "The Rosary"; Charles Dullin is still going strong in the Stefan Zweig–Jules Romains "Volpone"; other avant-garde companies are doing Strindberg and Gogol; and one may even see dramatizations of "Wuthering Heights" and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles."

So what about French plays? The biggest hits in serious native drama are Paul Claudel's "The Satin Slipper" at the Comédie Française and a new "Antigone" by Jean Anouilh at the Atelier. Religion and politics: the familiar French preoccupations. Both plays have been running for more than a year—the Claudel as part of a repertory, of course, but the other nightly.

Claudel's vast panorama—over four hours' playing time—is a success because the direction given it by Jean-Louis Barrault, a young actor with a face like a hatchet and a voice like a sword, enables its poetic genius to outsoar its dramatic defects. Barrault plays the lead, opposite Marie Bell, who, you'll recall, searched for her youth in "Carnet du Bal"—but didn't find it in time to do justice to Claudel. Madeleine Renaud, Mme Barrault in private life, exquisitely plays another important part. The Barraults—known as the model household of the Comédie Française—both made their name in the movies: he in "The Puritan" and she in "La Maternelle." Barrault has been a big man at the Comédie for some time, and I wonder how he will take it if, as is widely rumored, Louis Jouvet is made managing director of the institution in succession to Edouard Bourdet. Jouvet with a small company has been touring France and North Africa for years, adding patriotic color to his already huge renown as actor and director; so he is due to have a triumphal return to Paris. Barrault also had an avant-garde company before the war. In general, the invasion of the august house of Molière by people known primarily for work in films or experimental theaters—even Raimu, the baker who had "The Baker's Wife," is rolling them in those plush aisles now—has gone still farther than under the Popular Front, when Léon Blum, the ex-drama critic, first gave official sanction to the policy. Oldsters who

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like their classics straight, and more of them, grumble about having their Racine rationed along with bread and cheese, and dream of the old days of the *grand style*, which died, as everywhere in Europe, with the last war. The situation, as usual, is neatly summarized at my favorite boulevard theater, the A. B. C., which is presenting some "excerpts" from current Comédie performances, including "The Cid" as it would be played by Charles Trenet, which might be paralleled by Frank Sinatra as Hamlet.

But Barrault's Claudel production showed me how a classic is made. The play when read may seem an impossible hodgepodge of farce, fantasy, and melodrama, with its saints and friars and guardian angels, its Moorish villains and Negro lasses and Chinese lackeys, its voyages and passionate interviews and speeches by the moon; a simple plot complicated by self-indulgent invention, making at unnecessary length a Catholic retort to "Tristan and Isolde," to the effect that adultery, even though a grand passion, must not be committed, because it is followed not by a warm mystical love death but by the everlasting damnation of the soul. For years Claudel's lovers grope toward each other, but do not meet, kept apart by moral sense and religious scruple, until late in life, when the woman presents the man with a daughter begotten through her husband by her lover's spirit—it says so in the book—and dies soon after; and the play ends with an epilogue showing the lover, a very old man, being taken on as a servant in a convent to keep from being sold into slavery.

That such a castle in seventeenth-century Spain should be made credible and exciting to twentieth-century France, in which nevertheless it was written, is a tribute to the marvelous work of Barrault, who had the Germans to cope with when he started the run, justice to cope with when they left —his first guardian angel only recently got out of jail—and the hardest winter in years to fight, as I discovered on the January night when I saw the spectacle. I rushed to the buffet in the one intermission to warm myself with champagne for want of coffee. Some of his pictures, with Honegger's perfect incidental music, I shall never forget: the opening scene, a shipwrecked friar (a student of rhetoric at the Conservatoire) praying, in most divinely sounding French, for the salvation of his brother's soul; the absurd and colorful bit parts—servants, messengers, fantastic animals—rushing in and out of the wings in their delicious costumes; the votary of pleasure, Dona Musique (Madeleine Renaud), weaving about her lover with gauzy garments and honey speech in a blue Sicilian cave; and the great scenes where the lovers speak and dream of each other in wild, bitter gestures and cadences high with pride and heavy with tears.

From the new Catholicism to the ancient Greeks is no farther than from the Rue de Richelieu to Montmartre, where André Barsacq's production of the latest "Antigone" has been packing them into the tiny Atelier Theater (formerly Charles Dullin's—he is now running the Sarah Bernhardt, whose name the Germans changed during their visit—guess why. The author, Jean Anouilh, has been challenging Cocteau on his own ground: his "Orpheus" having been produced some time ago, he now treats the Antigone story much more daringly than did the other Jean, who merely stripped it of its stateliness to make its bare bones do a sensational dance of love and death. Anouilh makes it favor Creon, whom he con-

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ceives as an extremely intelligent man determined to bring Thebes into a rational condition after the horrors perpetrated by the other members of his family—brother-in-law Oedipus, mother-in-law and sister Jocasta, and nephews Polynices and Eteocles, who have lately plunged the poor city into civil war, as if the plague and royal incest weren't enough. Creon hates having to decree that the rebel nephew be left unburied and that death shall be the penalty for trying to bury him, but does so because it is the custom of the country, *"pour encourager les autres,"* knowing that the "stupid people" will be impressed by it, as by all his speeches, which he knows to be brilliant, statesman-like, and full of lies.

When Antigone, a strange girl suffering from sex frustrations and a martyr complex, disobeys the edict and gets caught, Creon first offers to have the whole thing hushed up. She haughtily refuses. He then tells her the full facts about the two brothers (as seen by Anouilh, not Sophocles!): how they were both degenerate rascals, betting the royal wealth on the horses and beating and cursing their father, until one started the civil war because the other owed him money. Neither of them deserved to succeed to the throne, but since it was the elder's by legal right, Creon has puffed him up into a national hero in his speeches, following the only policy that will preserve the principle of legitimacy in a waste of shame. Antigone's will to die for her brother's memory is at first shaken by these revelations, but at last she insists on being put to death, leaving Creon no alternative but to execute the decree. Her fiancé, Creon's son, whom she has won away from her younger prettier sister by suddenly doing herself justice in dressing for a dance, kills himself in grief. So does his mother, Creon's wife, a good soul who preferred knitting to talking ("I could never see," muses Creon, "why the poor need all those knitted goods"). "She just put her needles down and cut her throat," says the messenger, simply. Creon sits silent a while, gazing pensively at a little boy who is his confidant. "Come!" he says at last. "There is a council meeting at five." An exit—and a performance—justly cheered by the audience the night I went.

Excellently written and beautifully staged in modern dress, the play has the prime element of Parisian success, something to argue about. Some say it degrades the high moral tone of the old story. It seems to me one must either modernize thoroughly and frankly or leave the Greeks alone; the contemporary tragic heroine does not make sublime speeches about divine law, she simply whips up her natural impulses until they conquer her natural fears. Others assert that the play is collaborationist in intent because it belittles Antigone's resistance to the state. But she is not portrayed as rash or silly: of her speeches, which are instinct with the wisdom of the heart, one is a superb hymn to liberty—oh, metaphorical of course—fine words about being free to rise before the dawn and breathe great drafts of pristine air, but one hears the undertones of the seemingly harmless words the Germans doubtless pretended to appreciate. On the whole I find the politics and psychology of the play quite sound. It is less fantastic than Giraudoux's treatments of the ancient themes, "Amphitryon 38," "There'll Be No Trojan War," and "Electra," which set the style for this sort of thing some years ago. Anouilh's writing is grimmer, sparer. For the Giraudoux influence at its worst—that fine writer, who died just a year

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ago, is having his apotheosis now—one should see something called "Happy Ulysses," about Ulysses's homecoming, by a new playwright in uniform who sensibly remains anonymous. The ravishing décor and costumes furnished by a young company in this their first production do not prevent one from being battered and stunned by assaults of whimsy that would make not only Homer but Barrie retch. It must be said, though, that the actors, including four little girls about five years old, braved the cold in Homeric costumes, something that cannot be said of greater theaters. The Odéon was going to revive "Oedipus Rex" two weeks ago, but put it off until the current thaw.

So you see the "literary theater," as Broadway tolerantly terms it, is still popular in Paris, and the new is still old and tradition stands. Still the greatest innovators, Anouilhs and Claudels, Péguys and Cocteaux knowingly draw on the Greek and Christian origins for their most breath-taking novelties. When shall we learn that skill? Perhaps when Billy Rose, like the A. B. C., can put on a number entitled "The Purge in 435 B. C.," which describes an older attempt to punish collaboration with a conquering foe. An Athenian judge grills some suspects, including Phryne the courtesan, about services rendered to the invader. "On vous accuse," he informs the lady, "de collaboration horizontale avec les Perses." "Mais oui," she cheerfully agrees, "et les Mèdes aussi . . . Les Mèdes et les Perses, voyez-vous?" Case dismissed. *Toujours gais,* these French!

BRIEFER COMMENT

A Forgotten Agrarian Revolt

IN THESE DAYS "tinhorn" is a little flower of speech applied to shady gambling promoters, but a hundred years ago it had a nobler connotation, for it was both the symbol and instrument of an agrarian revolt in New York State. In the counties bordering on the Hudson the Van Rensselaers and other "patroon" families had flourished on a "durable-lease" system of land tenure. They "sold" property to farmers in return for a perpetual annual rent in produce and labor and the payment of all taxes on the land. If the farmer wished to resell the land, he was bound to pay the landlord one-quarter of the price or, at the landlord's option, to surrender it for three-quarters of the market value.

While Stephen Van Rensselaer, "the good patroon," lived, resentment merely smoldered, for he refrained from pressing his full claims, and when he died in 1839, there were uncollected rents amounting to $400,000. His heirs decided to collect; the farmers determined to resist. Gradually the farmers built up an active organization which used direct, as well as political, action against the hated feudal system. When landlords' agents or sheriffs approached their stony hills, the tin horns normally used to summon them to meals sounded a warning. Disguised in calico Indian robes, with stained faces, they forced more than one armed expedition from Albany to retreat.

In "Tin Horns and Calico" (Holt, $3.75) Henry Christman, an Albany newspaperman, has told the full story for the first time, drawing on old letters, diaries, and newspapers. Fortunately his narrative skill matches his pertinacity in research, and his book is absorbing reading as well as a real contribution to American history.

It is strange that the professional historians have so neglected this anti-rent movement. It kept New York State in an uproar for a decade as it spread through half a dozen counties on both sides of the Hudson, and it formed a principal issue in several elections. Through the Free Soil movement it links up directly with the agitation which finally led to the Homestead Act; and some of its active adherents, after migrating to the West, assisted at the birth of the Republican Party. Mr. Christman is to be congratulated on recognizing its importance and rescuing it from oblivion.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Inside the Ghetto

THE GHASTLY STORY of the Nazi extermination of Warsaw's half-million Jews is told in "No Traveler Returns" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the material for which was supplied by Dr. Henry Shoskes and put into book form with the assistance of Curt Riess. The general outline of the story has been known—that the Nazis first herded the Jews into a ghetto and then began slaughtering them in various ways and increasing numbers until none were left. In this book we have for the first time details as seen from inside the ghetto. New, hideous facets of Nazi sadism are presented. More important, we have a study of how a peaceful people reacted to events beyond their comprehension. For many months the conservative Adam Czerniakow, mayor of the ghetto, honestly thought he could save his people by "adjusting" to the German conquerors. He was their Neville Chamberlain. Ultimately he swallowed poison.

For two years there was no organized resistance among the Jews of Warsaw because the Germans kept promising special immunities to this group and that group, all the while killing Jews. A few farsighted men, among them the Socialists and Communists, had seen the doom of the Warsaw Jews from the first. They had said it would be more glorious and more satisfactory to die fighting. Finally these men prevailed. For six flaming and bloody weeks in April and May two years ago, the remaining Jews in Warsaw threw themselves into heroic, ingenious, and successful warfare against the "master race." They expected to die and they did, and in so doing they killed a disproportionate number of Germans. In so doing—the world being what it is, not all Gandhis—the Jews of Warsaw ennobled their tragedy. They kindled a beacon to other peoples of Europe.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Guide to Mexico

GOOD NEWS FOR TRAVELERS to Mexico is the new edition of "Frances Toor's New Guide to Mexico" (Crown Publishers, $2.50). Entirely rewritten, compact in format, and sturdily bound, it can be guaranteed to return high dividends for its place in the suitcase. The expert archaeologist or historian, or the explorer intent on remote villages, will not, to be sure, find all the information he needs within these pages. But most travelers are not experts, and a surprising number of references to specialized interests will be found here to

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start the curiosity of the amateur: markets, fiestas, arts and crafts, social experiment, colonial and pre-conquest culture.

For the special counts on which one judges a guidebook, the score is pretty good. There are seventeen maps showing motor routes and cities. Although the guidebook writers' contention that local automobile clubs and oil companies supply maps is generally true, we still need more maps in a guidebook like this. It will always seem to me ridiculous to publish a guide to Mexico without (1) a good folding map of the entire republic, (2) a detailed map of the Valley of Mexico. There are ten pages of indexes; the General Index might be much more ingenious, but it serves for most questions. Means of transportation, hotels, and other accommodations are treated practically, with such remarks as, "There are second-class buses, but they are not advisable."

There are two ways to write a guidebook: either to begin in a scholarly way and work up through the difficult mass of available material to a thorough knowledge, or to begin on the surface in familiar acquaintance with the things described, and to dig out just as much background as each fact seems to warrant. This book is the second sort; its compiler has known and loved Mexico for many years, and she sets out to tell what people will want to know on the spot. Most important of all, this is current information, checked in the year 1944: for the traveler that outweighs any other consideration.

ELIZABETH WILDER

A Common Tongue

EXHIBIT 1: Address by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill at Harvard: the possession of a common tongue is of incalculable benefit to the two great Western democracies, and Churchill would like to see the whole world enjoy the same advantage.

Exhibit 2: from the subtlest of logicians and critics, I. A. Richards: "[A common language] must be clear from any threat to the economic, moral, cultural, social, or political status of any person or any people. It must carry no implications of intellectual, technological, or other domination. No one in learning the world language must have any excuse for even the least shadow of a feeling that he is submitting to an alien influence or being brought under the power of other groups." Words of gold, which bar out English, whether basic, standard, pidgin, or straight Menckenese.

A fabricated language then? "Crackpot schemes!" (like a World Union for International Security). Here comes:

Exhibit 3: a volume entitled "The Green Star," by Joseph W. Dubin (National Institute of Esperanto, $2.50). Mr. Dubin shows very convincingly that a number of scholars, scientists, business men have taken the problem very seriously, and especially that Esperanto has provided a large-scale prolonged demonstration that such a scheme is perfectly feasible. Esperanto has been in practical use for over a half a century. The movement has held yearly congresses attended by thousands. It has had periodicals by the dozen and books by the hundreds. It can be done.

Esperanto is not perfect. Its "absurdities," if you like to call them so, are venial compared with the ambiguities and inconsistencies of all great languages. Zamenhof was a practical idealist. He did not believe in his own infallibility; he

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knew that, in order to be applied, a scheme must have a certain degree of stability. On this firm basis the language could and did freely evolve but without losing its identity. If an *official* authority would take hold of the problem, Zamenhof was ready to accept reforms, and even to abandon his own solution altogether.

I happen to prefer a different project, which might be called "Basic Anglo-Latin," or Interlingua. I follow with interest the scholarly labor of the International Auxiliary Language Association. But I am glad to testify that the generous spirit of Zamenhof, *"la interna ideo,"* is in harmony with our present efforts for world peace; that Esperanto has a vigorous life of its own, and a strange, undeniable fascination; that it is an immediately available solution, with an abundant supply of textbooks and dictionaries, of teachers and translators. The present volume is a well-rounded encyclopedia of the whole problem. It contains all the essential facts, including a complete Key to Esperanto.

ALBERT GUERARD

FICTION IN REVIEW

WHEN, some weeks ago, instead of writing about a certain novel at the usual length I confined my review to the statement that I had been able to read only 200 of its 600 pages and these with only the greatest self-discipline, it was protested that this represented an evasion of my reviewer's duty. The protest was not very widespread, but even the mildest flurry of disapproval surprised me. For to my thinking there is no more responsible method of book-reviewing than honestly to declare, if the occasion warrants, that a book is too dull or opaque to finish. If a case-hardened reviewer can't penetrate a novel, why should she suppose that other readers will be able or want to? It even seems to me to be a generous method: it spares an unreadable book the circumstantial indictment which is earned by bad books that are at least readable.

At any rate, protest or no protest, accepted critical practice or not, I am afraid I must follow the same procedure with Alex Comfort's "The Power House" (Viking, $3). Because of its author's place among the younger British intellectuals, "The Power House" claimed my attention. It was not able to engage it. I read the first two dozen pages three times without having any notion of what I was reading; then I made several firm attempts to break into the story at a later point of its development, each time without success. This report must therefore stand for the whole of my review.

On the other hand, there is Frederic Prokosch's "Age of Thunder" (Harper, $2.50), which I could perhaps wish I had *not* been able to finish since to complete it was only to confirm the suspicion which took hold of me after a chapter or two—that I was following a clearly charted path through a miasma. That is, while Mr. Prokosch's novel presents no difficulties from sentence to sentence or even from page to page—its prose, although fancy, is perfectly navigable, and I can recount every incident and index every character—it raises the rather unanswerable question of what Mr. Prokosch had in mind when he conceived and wrote it.

"Age of Thunder" opens reasonably enough: a young man has dropped by parachute into occupied France with a mission to uncover the point of disaffection in the underground. But what follows this conventional gambit is a series of incidents which are not only unconnected with each other but in themselves connected with reality only as a dream is. The young man joins a party of secret travelers to Switzerland, but we are not told why the journey is being made or why the characters behave as they do in the course of it. Accusations of darkest treachery are made without being either confirmed or dispelled; the group swells and diminishes without purpose; two members of the group—including a Negro who especially activates his author's gift for inappropriate adjectives and adverbs—are murdered, but we know of their death only what one can learn from a corpse. The young man wanders into a hotel, where he is visited by a grim Hollywood type who strangely reminds Mr. Prokosch's hero of someone named Robinson; but who is Robinson? who, even, is the grim Hollywood type? Even when the hero is arrested by the Gestapo—oh, most corporeal of incidents!—he is dismissed with a philosophical talk and a cigarette. And so on, through four nights of fantasy on the loose, in which, among other adventures, Mr. Prokosch's young man is housed in a castle, eats campfire spaghetti with a party of Italians, discusses love with a euphonious trio consisting of an Arab, an Annamese, and a Macedonian, is wounded among a garrison of comrades. We are understandably relieved when, the Alps sighted, we are told that the hero's mission has been accomplished.

"Age of Thunder" is not presented as a surrealist novel; I suppose, however, that if we must have a category for it, that would do as well as any, since it combines recognizable details and dream conception in the orthodox surrealist fashion. But whatever its aesthetic or philosophical intention, I have small patience with it because, to me, it is simply a narrative without sequence, larded with conversations more fabulous than enlightening. I still hold to the opinion that fiction doesn't approach poetry by merely turning its back on sense.

John O'Hara has a new collection of short stories, "Pipe Night" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.50), with many of which you may be already acquainted from the *New Yorker*. They are very much worth looking at again. For whereas a

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REPLY TO DEL VAYO
by EARL BROWDER
Mr. Del Vayo's article, "V-DAY AND REVOLUTION" in March 17th *NATION*, discussed in April 3rd NEW MASSES — *Now on sale.*

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great deal of our short fiction loses by being published in book form, Mr. O'Hara's pieces seem to me to gain in intensity; and they achieve a kind of cumulative seriousness. I am also especially struck, and quite freshly, by their craft—the impression of an enormously careful plotting and of a precision and economy of means which should be a model to the vague and garrulous. Then there are always Mr. O'Hara's eye and ear, those instruments of something so much deeper and better than ordinary accurate reporting.

DIANA TRILLING

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SOME three years ago the Messrs. Howard Richardson and William Berney won a Maxwell Anderson prize for poetic drama. Their play was based on a North Carolina version of the Ballad of Barbara Allen, and the Shuberts have just given it an elaborate, thoroughly professional production under the title "Dark of the Moon" (Forty-sixth Street Theater). Cautiously described as "A Legend with Music," the whole turns out to be one of the most interesting dramatic novelties I have seen in some time and one which appears to have a much better chance of surviving in the hurly-burly of Broadway than the prize-winning efforts of amateurs usually have.

Folk material on the American stage is, of course, nothing new. Almost two generations ago earnest municipal souls used to plod through the high-minded pageants of Percy Mackaye, and more recently a whole school of regional dramatists have flourished somewhat precariously under the devoted ministrations of Paul Green. But only very rarely has a "Sun Up," a "Hell Bent fer Heaven," or a "Tobacco Road" really established itself in the commercial theater, and it may be that "Oklahoma" is more than an isolated masterpiece. It may be, that is to say, that while folk material does not lend itself to straight realistic treatment, it is destined to inspire a rich series of "legends with music."

Only, to be sure, in a very general way does "Dark of the Moon" resemble "Oklahoma." Here the story is supernatural and tragic rather than sunny and comic. Here there is only incidental music and a sprinkling of old ballads rather than a full operatic score. But in both grotesque folk humor plays a part; in both music is used to sustain a mood which bare prose words could scarcely support; in both a similar style of pantomimic dancing is lavishly employed. And the striking fact is that methods basically similar should, in the case of "Dark of the Moon," so successfully create eerie and tragic effects. No one could suppose that the story of a "witch boy" who becomes human in order to marry a mortal girl and who loses his humanity again when his wife is unfaithful to him would be a story easy to tell effectively. But in this version it is told very effectively indeed.

One reviewer described the piece as being sometimes like "Oklahoma," sometimes like "Sing Out Sweet Land," and sometimes like "Tobacco Road." One knows what he meant, since ancient ballads are sung and there are moments of grotesquely earthy humor. Perhaps, at times, the elements are not completely fused. But "Dark of the Moon" is certainly no hodge-podge such as the description just quoted might suggest, for it is, on the contrary, remarkable for the extent to which a unified style capable of making the strange fable seem convincing and valid is actually achieved. Certain striking scenes, like that of the al fresco dance at which the witch boy steals his girl from the local bully and that of the revival meeting where, after she has borne a monstrous child, the girl is thrust back into the embraces of her former lover, are vivid and exciting even standing alone; but they are not the most difficult ones. All through the performance I felt that ultimate success or failure would depend upon the treatment of the catastrophe. Would the scene in which the witch boy becomes a witch boy again and must lose, not only his humanity, but almost his memory of it, be dodged or be muffed? And I must report that it is neither. On the success of that scene the whole ultimate effectiveness of the legend stands or falls. If the conclusion had been merely grotesque or merely quaint, the whole would have descended to one of those levels. But, instead, the imagination of the authors holds up, and the scene becomes, as it should, eerie, tense, and terrible. Indeed, I cannot remember a more successful treatment of the supernatural in recent dramatic writing.

On the whole the production is well conceived and well acted. I thought the costuming of the witch girls in a curiously operatic fashion a serious mistake, especially since their dialect speech makes it clear that they were conceived in terms of the mountaineer's imagination. I thought also the first scene of a conventionalized mountain top similarly incongruous; but the other settings were excellently designed and the acting first rate. Carol Stone is Barbara, and a newcomer, Richard Hart, plays the witch boy with great dignity and great fire.

Films

JAMES AGEE

IN THE English-made "Colonel Blimp" David Low's lovingly malicious archetype—and by implication, every Tory—has been relieved of all selfish motives for his actions and of nearly all dangerousness or even obstructiveness in those actions. This is annoying, and worse; but at the same time the movie's characterization of an innocent, brave, honorable, and stupid man is, within its own limits, so persuasive and so endearing, and so rare to movies, that I am at least as grateful as I am annoyed. If Low's and the movie character were blended, Blimp would be a great tragi-comic character. Lacking that, I wish that some publisher would get out a 25-cent volume of the cartoons, to brace and extend the picture among the many people who otherwise will get their only idea of Blimp through the gentlest kind of Technicolor. There is nothing brilliant about the picture, but it is perceptive, witty, and sweet-tempered, and it shows a continuous feeling for the charm and illuminating power of mannerism, speech, and gesture used semi-ritually, rather than purely realistically, which owes a good deal to Lubitsch in the good second-best of his comedies. I very much liked the performances of Roger Livesey as the Colonel, Deborah Kerr as his imago in three instalments, and Anton Walbrook as his German friend.

In "God Is My Co-Pilot" the Flying Tiger hero, Dennis Morgan, tells a priest, Alan Hale, that he has killed a

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hundred men that day; he obviously feels deeply troubled by the fact, and is asking for spiritual advice. Since the priest does not answer him in any way about that, but pretends to by commenting comfortably on a quite different and much easier perplexity—*every* death makes a difference to God—it is regrettable, not to say nauseating, that they bothered to bring up the problem at all. Aside from these religious conversations, any one of which would serve to unite atheists and religious men in intense distaste for the lodgers in the abyss which separates them, there is a good deal of air combat on process screens, obstructed by the customary close-ups of pilots smiling grimly as they give or take death in a studio, for considerably more than soldiers' pay, a yard above the ground. The picture is not as bad, I must admit, as I'm making it sound; but it is not good enough to make me feel particularly sorry about that. God is my best pal and severest critic, but when He asked for this touching March afternoon off, I didn't have it in my heart to refuse Him.

I would like to be able to make "The Affairs of Susan" sound half as bad as it is, but I know when I'm licked. In this interminable film, which might be described as a Make's Progress, Joan Fontaine is photographed as Joan of Arc; the Maid looks as if she were testifying, for a handsome fee, to every nice thing the Voices told her about Lysol. Miss Fontaine also appears as a lake-shore innocent, in trousers and a thinly knit jersey; in a series of gowns and negligees which are still more earnestly calculated to refute the canard that, if the Hays Office permitted, she would be ashamed to make a clean breast of her "development" (I think the word is); and in a collusion of hornrims, tight hair, ties, and sharp tailoring which, if they suggest nothing admissibly human, may at least roughly approximate Mayor LaGuardia's mental image of "Trio." This sort of thing makes me all the angrier because Miss Fontaine has proved that she is an actress worth building a good picture around—or even worth using in one which doesn't build around anyone. About Dennis O'Keefe's characterization of a writer, I feel less kind. He achieves it purely by letting his hair get rather long behind the ears. In objecting to this, I am probably the only living writer who has to cast his stone through a glass house; and much as I loathe haircuts, I have been trying ever since I saw the picture to brace myself to enter a barber shop.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IN his *New Republic* review of Tovey's latest books Ralph Bates pointed out that Tovey's wonderfully illuminating statements about music are almost entirely incidental to his expositions of the progress of ideas and form in particular works; and that such expositions are further enriched in the same incidental way by his general literacy. Bates cited, as an example, the discussion of the nature of tragedy that occurs in one of the essays on chamber music; then, revealing that the essay is concerned with a work by Brahms who is today "least enjoyed by really intelligent listeners," Bates concluded that the fact "that Tovey thought him one of the very great masters makes one decide to think again, and if possible to feel anew, about that unfashionable genius."

That argument would require one to be similarly influenced by what Tovey writes about C. Hubert H. Parry—for example, about his choral works "with their unsurpassable truth and depth in the setting of words." And Bates stopped with verbal argument in a matter where any number of words are less conclusive than even one action. It would have taken too long to do the complete job; but he should have listened at least to the finale of Brahms's Piano Quartet Opus 60 that was the occasion of Tovey's remarks about tragedy, and reported whether the experience had brought him to a new conclusion about it—not so much whether he had found it to be tragedy, as whether it had proved, as tragedy, to be convincing and moving; or in other words whether as music it had communicated something genuinely felt which had dictated the flow of substance into form, or had communicated only pumped-up attitudes through a synthetically contrived large structure. The "really intelligent listeners" Bates referred to include some who have listened again to Brahms after reading Tovey, and who haven't discovered anything new in Brahms but have learned something important about Tovey—that his scholar's and composer's interest in the mechanics of musical construction sometimes leads him to hear great or important utterance where there is only elaborate manipulation of the devices of melody, harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration; and that, as a result, the statements about music and the general obiter dicta that are so illuminating and enriching are elicited by poor music as well as good.

No; where men like Brahms and Parry are concerned one does better to be influenced by Shaw, who has sharp perception and no tolerance for "attempts to pass off the forms of music for music itself." Brahms is not for him the great composer that he is for "learned musicians" when, in the German Requiem, he "sets a pedal pipe booming and a drum thumping the dominant of the key for ten minutes at a stretch, while the other instruments and the voices plough along through every practicable progression in or near the key, up hill from syncopation to syncopation, and down dale from suspension to suspension . . . Brahms seems to have been impressed by the fact that Beethoven produced remarkable effects by persisting with his pedal points long after Mozart would have resolved them, and to have convinced himself by an obvious logical process that it must be possible to produce still more remarkable results by outdoing Beethoven in persistency. And so indeed it is, as Bach proved before Mozart was born. Only somehow it has not come off in Brahms's hands."

The Sewanee Review

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THE ECONOMY OF THE AMERICAN WRITER (essay) by R. P. Blackmur.

SNOWS (poem) by St.-John Perse.

PROSE and VERSE by: Jean Paulhan, Joseph Frank, Roger Caillois, Louise Bogan, Weldon Kees, Dylan Thomas, John Peale Bishop, James Ross, Theodore Spencer, John Berryman, Jerome Mellquist, Vivienne Koch, Willard Thorp, W. B. C. Watkins, Oscar Williams, A. H. Scouten, R. M. Weaver.

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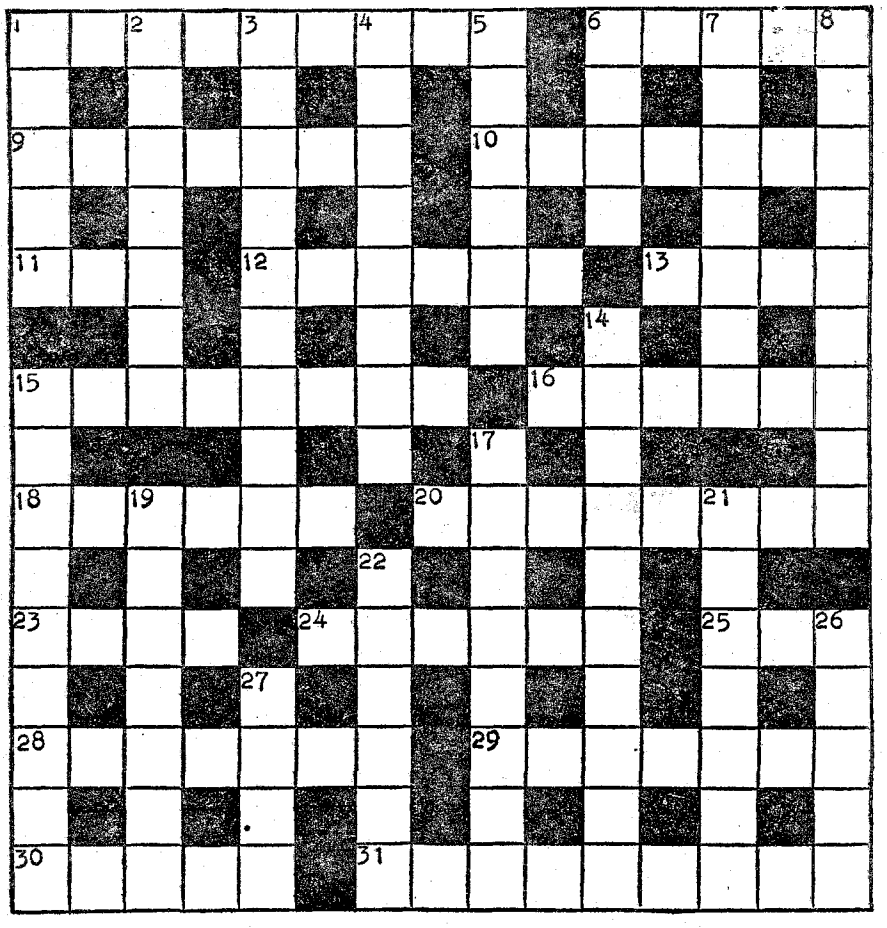
Crossword Puzzle No. 109

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Jocose—at having got five vowels in their proper order, perhaps
6 Sewell returns with L knocked out of him
9 Friday p.m. to Monday a.m. (hyphen, 4-3)
10 Reveals (anag.)
11 Did Opal ever meet her? I once did (hidden)
12 Moves by slow degrees
13 She was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, she ----
15 He is doubtless well-versed in "coast use" (two words, 3 and 5)
16 Pugilistic
18 An ogre transforms himself into an ass
20 Inaugural opportunities
23 There are many such small expenses at election time
24 Robin Hood's maid
25 You might mistake this dog for a Boxer
28 Passage from a book
29 Might make tin rust
30 Suit-able material for a Russian
31 Silly asses!

DOWN

1 Not so many here
2 No cream, but possibly a violin
3 Appropriate name for a boys' preparatory school? (two words, 3 & 7)
4 Term of endearment for Buffalo Bill? (two words, 3 and 5)
5 Poetic relationship of Judy O'Grady to the Colonel's lady
6 "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your ----, but why did you kick me downstairs?" (Kemble)
7 Closest
8 They occur in June and December
14 Sweet-scented flower
15 The answer tells you what to do if you want this clear atmosphere
17 Mark Tapley was one
19 The one who encourages sounds like a gambler
21 A writer turns to music and produces something far above our heads
22 Crooks are. So are cooks
26 Stage entrances
27 Where the hair usually thins first

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 108

ACROSS:—1 CAPER; 4 FOB; 6 FLOCK; 9 ROMULUS; 10 DIDACHE; 11 ROOSTS; 13 MILLIARD; 15 EUGENIE; 16 CASERN; 17 ODDS; 19 SNEERED; 21 LAST; 23 NESSES; 25 DENTIST; 27 ORATORIO; 28 EATAGE; 31 TRACKER; 32 CALLING; 33 CUDDY; 34 CAT; 35 DOGIE.

DOWN:—1 CURER; 2 POMPOUS; 3 RELATERS; 4 FAST; 5 BODKIN; 6 FIDDLE; 7 ORCHARD; 8 KNEAD; 12 SUNNIER; 13 MEMENTO; 14 LICENSE; 16 COL; 18 SOS; 20 DETAILED; 22 SEA-MAID; 24 SCARING; 25 DONKEY; 26 NITRIC; 27 OPTIC; 29 EAGLE; 30 SCOT.

Nor is it any better when it is done by the learned musicians. One of the products of the English professorial school of composers elicits from Shaw the comment that if he worked at it he could "turn out five acts about King Lear that would be, at least, grammatical, superficially coherent, and arranged in lines that would scan," and that friendly critics would be able to praise by dodging the one important question, "Has the author been able for his subject?" There are, he adds, in Parry's "Job" "no end of nice little things I could point out about the workmanship shown in the score, its fine feeling, its scrupulous moderation, its entire freedom from any base element of art or character, and so on through a whole epitaph of pleasant and perfectly true irrelevancies"; the only important thing is that "there is not a bar in it that comes within fifty thousand miles of the tamest line in the poem."

And on another occasion it is Stanford's "Eden" that makes Shaw "wonder what Mr. Stanford would think of me if I took advantage of my literary craftsmanship to write inane imitations of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' with all the latest graces of style, and got my friends to go into raptures over its grammar and its correct scansion. However, who am I that I should be believed, to the disparagement of eminent musicians? If you doubt that 'Eden' is a masterpiece, ask Dr. Parry and Dr. Mackenzie, and they will applaud it to the skies. Surely Dr. Mackenzie's opinion is conclusive; for is he not the composer of 'Veni Creator,' guaranteed as excellent music by Professor Stanford and Dr. Parry? You want to know who Dr. Parry is? Why, the composer of 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' as to the merits of which you have only to consult Dr. Mackenzie and Professor Stanford." If only Shaw could be turned loose on the musicologists and their reviews of each other's books!

A friend reports that the worst of these Savonarolas, Professor Paul Henry Láng, who has made the musical atmosphere hideous with his harsh-voiced exhortations, referred to Shaw in a recent article on Wagner in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: Shaw, said Láng, had, in his "Perfect Wagnerite," correctly understood some fact or other about Wagner's "Ring," but had of course been hampered by his lack of knowledge of music. The kind of knowledge the musicologists have Shaw did not have; but they, on the other hand, haven't the kind he had.

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